

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

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North American States, as they are. 17	Pilgrimage in Europe and America, by J. C. Beltrami, Esq. 22	The Infidel 26	Stanzas, from the Italian 28
Selection from the Public and Private Correspondence of Lord Collingwood 19	The Children's Fire-side 25	ORIGINAL: The Harem's Victim 26	Scotch Wedding 23
Thaumaturgus 21	Callisthenic Exercises 25	Private Letter from Paris 26	Stanzas by John Juniper 29
	North on Convulsions 26	Cunaxa 27	FINE ARTS: Haydon's Election 29
		Hamlet 27	The Drama—Varieties 30

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The United States of North America as They Are. 8vo. pp. 254. London, 1828. Simpkin and Marshall.

This is not a flattering, though we are inclined to consider that it is a faithful picture of the United States in their existing social, religious, and political relations. The author accounts for his frequent severity of reproof by supposing that it may have become 'natural to him,' in consequence of a long residence with citizens accustomed to treat their president less respectfully than the meanest among themselves. Truth, however, he has kept sacred from sarcasm,—exaggeration he has in no instance permitted, and 'time,' he is persuaded, 'will confirm his statements.'

Without committing our own prophetic ability in this matter, it is our duty to state that we have rarely perused a volume on the subject of North America, (great as is, the number of these works, and interesting as are many of them,) so clear in its arrangement, so full in its details, so lively in its style, to rife in amusing anecdote and spirited sketches of character. In the latter most interesting peculiarity it is decidedly without a rival. All the more eminent men of America, whether rendered so by intrinsic worth, or adventitious circumstance, are described with such force and skill, and brought before us so palpably, that we feel for a time present in the heart of the scenes, and jostled by the very individuals so powerfully portrayed. But it must not be imagined from the tone of the above remarks, that the author's sole object is to supply the amusement of which volumes of light reading like the present are the common vehicles. He has objects of a loftier order, for the attainment of which he labours with equal honesty and ability.

These objects are classed under three distinct heads; firstly, to exhibit to the eyes of the world, the situation of American affairs, without prejudice, and without party spirit; secondly, to shew the state of society in general, and the relative bearings of the different classes to each other, thus affording a clear notion of the real existing features of the American Republic; and thirdly, with a view to the advantage of the emigrant, so to describe social intercourse and prevailing habits, as to enable him to settle with security and advantage to himself and to his adopted country. The complete view thus afforded of public and private life in general, as well as of each profession or business in particular, it is justly concluded will enable the capitalist, the merchant, the farmer, the physician, the lawyer, and the mechanic, to understand the course it is necessary to pursue when settling in the union.

Our first example of the felicitous portrait painting which we have already so earnestly

commended, is Mr. Adams, whom the author considers unworthy of the favour he enjoys in this country, as 'the success of his plans would cost Great Britain her last possession in North America.'

'John Quincy Adams was already unpopular on his father's account. Introduced at an early period into the most important public offices, he became accustomed to look down upon the people. A tory by birth and by education, he is as staunch as his father; but with less mental capacity he is infinitely more dangerous. His father's political errors and the embassies of London, St. Petersburg, and Paris, were the schools in which he was trained; cold, circumspect, and free from passion, he disregards the censures as well as the approbation of the people, above whom he considers himself elevated. This pride, or rather arrogance, is a family failing, and so little is he able to suppress it, that previously to his elevation, and while yet but a candidate, he so far forgot himself as to threaten an officer of the bank, who presumed to consider his indorsement as no better than that of another citizen, with the full weight of his displeasure. In private life he seems anxious to conceal this passion under the mask of republican carelessness, and a certain nonchalance. His countenance betrays a cold ambitious mind, his dark eye exhibits the heartless diplomatist. As a politician, he adopts the axiom that the means are justified by the end. Neither a Democrat nor a Federalist, he joined both parties and left them as he found it best suited to his interest. When secretary of state he uttered the following memorable words: "The United States will not be ranked among nations till the presidency becomes hereditary." When one of the representatives was introduced to a nightly interview with him, and expressed his scruples respecting the manner of the election, the characteristic reply of Adams was, "Sir, the time will come, even with the United States, when the government, and not a prejudiced populace destitute of character, will determine the public opinion. The question is, whether you, sir, are sensible of the importance and the advantages which must necessarily accrue to you from the present course, or whether you prefer the old system.—Your determination in regard to the election is decisive."

'Adams is reputed by his party and the majority of the people, to possess a great mind: this is far from being the case. His talents are rather of an ordinary kind, but they are not the less dangerous on that account; for it is not the greatest, but the coldest and most persevering statesman, alike insensible to contempt and to praise, who is most obnoxious to the freedom of a nation. His style, a mixture of the elegant and the diplomatic, is admired, because it is new to the United States. It cannot be denied, that it is the most fit to disguise his political opinions and his deep-laid schemes. This motive and his predilection for every thing coming from the eastern courts, may sufficiently account for his adoption of and fondness for it. If taken upon the whole, he may be considered a most dangerous man to the freedom of the Union, and if he had been sent by Metternich

himself, he could not pursue more closely the principles of the Holy Alliance.

'It was to be presumed that the temper of the nation towards the new president would be somewhat different from that which was manifested towards his predecessors (his father excepted); not that the people expect to have a president chosen without the ordinary intrigues incident to electioneering. To these they are accustomed, and there will hardly be found a constable in the United States who obtains his petty office without intrigues.

'But the manner in which the new president had obtruded himself upon the nation, bespoke such an utter disregard for the established and fundamental principle of the constitution—the sovereignty of the people, to whose will, its organs, the representatives, are bound to conform, was, through the price with which Adams purchased their treachery, so trampled upon, and so strongly attacked in its foundations, that the nation could not but be wholly alienated from him. The innate arrogance of Mr. Adams, always kept him aloof from the people. He never mingled with his fellow-citizens on equal terms. Pretty much in the manner of European grandees, who effect through their dependants what they think beneath their own sphere, he endeavoured to work upon them by his public journals. But as brother Jonathan is not yet so happy as to have Washington grandees, and as he appreciates the heavy burden of sovereignty too well not to keep it on his own shoulders, the *coup de main* by which Adams endeavoured to ease him of this trouble, and, by the assistance of his followers and the honourable speaker in his own cabinet, to settle his fate, was far from being looked upon with that deference and respect to which he was accustomed in his diplomatic career. The citizen of the United States is habituated to scrutinize with an innate distrust the measures of his administration, even when enjoying his confidence. The opposition generally take upon themselves this interested attention. Adams had no republican party in his favour; his election was the work of the Monarchists and of his own genius. The nation, as was to be expected, shrunk from such an union, and the better part is waiting with impatience for the moment which shall deliver it from an administration, from whose hostile tendency it cannot look for any measures but such as are both dangerous to its political freedom and to its general welfare.'

To this we add a striking evidence of popular feeling, and of the curious but conclusive modes in which it is occasionally developed:—

'The American citizen has inherited from his English ancestors, the respect due to the existing authorities and to himself. It is self-esteem which prevents him from degrading in the eyes of the world the first magistrate, although forced upon him by the unprecedented faithfulness of his representatives. But this does not hinder him from venting the feelings of his aversion on every opportunity. Last year a steam-boat was launched from the wharfs of Pittsburgh; she was destined to run between that place and New Orleans, and was to start immediately on her first trip. Thousands of

people were collecting on the bank of the Ohio (Monongehela); trunks, barrels, and bales, lay ready for embarkation; the passengers were going to enter their names; the public attention was in suspense, and only waited for the last act of this interesting scene. At length the veil was removed from the bust placed at the head of the vessel, and the name of the steam boat appeared in letters of gold a yard long. In less than five minutes, not a spectator, not a passenger, not a trunk, not a barrel, not a bale, was to be seen; without uttering a word, the silent multitude had disappeared. The name of the steam boat was Lady Adams, her bust, an elegant piece of carving in princely costume with a diadem, was proudly displayed at the head of the vessel. The owner, who had a few days previously arrived from the south-west, and thought to give the good people of Pittsburgh an agreeable surprise, found himself wofully disappointed, and he replaced the elegant figure by that of the martial-whiskered General Caffee; and then only did passengers, bales, and barrels return, though not in half the number they had before presented themselves.

Of Clay, the secretary of state, we are told that his person possesses very little that is attractive; 'a disagreeable face, gray piercing eyes, full of a wild and malicious fire, distinguish the shrewd and impetuous politician, who knows no delicacy in the choice of his means.' He is farther represented as possessed of the useful art of making himself popular with his state. He can play as easily the part of the drunkard and the gambler, as that of the gentleman, and puts on the attributes of either as circumstances require. Consequently, 'that he is the very first man in the union, you may hear from every Kentuckian, and be knocked down if you should not be precisely of the same opinion.'

Some amusing specimens of his talent at ingratiating himself with the Kentuckians, are given; we select the following:—

'In his earlier life this gentleman was a lawyer in Kentucky, and he was afterwards chosen for his oratorical talents as representative for that state in congress. In this capacity he distinguished himself by a nervous, a natural, and a practical eloquence—*ad hominem*. A quick penetration, and a self-possession which scarcely any thing could disturb, procured him influence, and a daring presumption common to the Kentuckians, gave him preponderance. Without classical education, he knows how to assail the weak part of human nature in a truly singular way. At an early period of his public life he voted against the interest of his constituents. After his return from Washington, he met every where with a cold reception. As if nothing had happened, he mingled with his neighbours; no one spoke to him; he was shunned by all. Approaching an old friend of his, a respectable Kentucky farmer, he wished him a good day—"I thank you," was the reply. "How d'ye you do?"—"Harry," replied the old farmer dryly, "I presume we must part; thou canst not be any longer our congressman." "Why so, sir?"—"Thou knowest better than I do, thou art a cunning fellow, too cunning for us." After a long pause, "Look!" said Clay, taking the Kentucky man's rifle from his hand, and pointing to it, "Do you remember the time when we hunted many a buck together?"—"Yes!"—"Then you have not yet given up your old friend?" returning the rifle.—"Certainly not."—"And did he stick as faithfully to you?"—"What dost thou mean?"—"Has he never disappointed you when the game was before his muzzle?"—"Why, yes, sometimes."—"Then you have not broken him to pieces?"—"Why should I—I have given

him another chance?" "You have done so, dear Tom, but your old friend and trusty servant you are going to break because he once disappointed you? Ah, Tom, could you act thus with Harry, your old faithful Harry?" at the same time grasping his hand and pressing it heartily. "G—d—me," exclaimed the old Kentuckian, "if I do, I will try thee again Harry!" And a shake of the hand which would have broken the finger of any one but a Kentuckian, sealed the reconciliation, and assured Clay that he was restored to favour. In less than one hour the apropos allegory was in every one's mouth; "Clay for ever!" was vociferated on every side, and he was again unanimously elected representative.'

Mr. Randolph, whose patriotism, eloquence, and senatorial influence, we have so often heard extolled, is represented as a thorn in the side of Adams and the monarchial party, who describe him in their newspapers as a madman, a slanderer, and a calumniator. But, says our author,—

'To the nation he is truly a valuable citizen; and the ardour with which he presses upon Mr. Adams and his associates, renders him a scourge to the administration. His duel with Mr. Clay and the issue of the quarrel are well known. They came to the ground: at a second discharge from Mr. Clay, Mr. Randolph reserved his fire. "Very well, Mr. Clay," said Randolph laconically, "I won't fire again, I would not have fired the first time had not my pistol gone off unawares. But you have shot a hole in my coat, you may get me another." A few days afterwards he spoke in the senate of his duel, "how it was brought about by the fag-end of European diplomacy coming amongst us to poison our morals with their principles, and our bodies with their French cookery eaten by candle-light." His speeches are far from being *chef-d'œuvres* of oratory; he is fond of discussion, and often becomes colloquial and trivial; but after having for a time indulged his whims and entertained his friends with a variety of apparent nonsense, he throws such a volley of wit and over-powering argument into the face of his adversaries, that they look at each other in utter astonishment and confusion. His eloquence is full of sarcasm combined with good humour, with occasional flashes of genius, and he excels in hitting a point. By these qualities he commands attention to speeches of three or four hours' duration. His characteristic descriptions are true, but exhibit neither delicacy nor forbearance. Like all old bachelors, he is rather fond of painting in shadows, which he enlivens with lighter hues, and in this he may be said to be an adept, being more than sufficiently versed in the *Chronique scandaleuse* of the Union. His independent fortune, and the character of eccentricity he has acquired, are circumstances of which he well knows how to avail himself. For the rest, he is a rare curiosity in the class of bachelors.

'With a meagre figure six feet in height, with long arms, on which the best spectacles could hardly discern an ounce of flesh, an arched forehead, a squeaking voice, at the sound of which one is inclined to close the offended organ, he is animated with a certain life and spirit which amply compensate for these defects. He is noted for being fond of slander, rather self-conceited, fond of talking for a great length of time, like all bachelors, particularly if wealthy Virginia planters. As a senator of the United States, he is very popular, and deservedly enjoys the regard paid to him by the unprejudiced majority of his fellow-citizens.'

Major-General Andrew Jackson is our next selection from this entertaining gallery of pictures:—

'The first view of Andrew Jackson is im-

posing, but the impression he leaves is not an agreeable one. A stature above the common size; a body which fatigues and hardships have cleared of all superfluous flesh; a physiognomy indicating violent passions; a face furrowed by deep lines; a grayish piercing eye bespeaking less of shrewdness than of impetuosity, and which age has not robbed of its fire; these, with a tincture of Irish cunning, are the peculiarities that distinguish the present hero of the opposition. He lost his father in early life, and was thrown, when an orphan of fourteen, into the vortex of the revolutionary war. Having been taken prisoner, he rescued himself with a firmness of purpose, seldom to be met with at his age. His predilection for a military life may be dated from this early period. Shortly afterwards he gave himself up to the study of the law; a curious incident laid the foundation of his fame. On a journey from his residence to a distant county-town, where the quarter sessions of the court were to be held, he met a farmer, whose sorrowful countenance seemed to indicate that his affairs bore a no less sorrowful aspect. By his natural power of persuasion, he soon learned the cause of the farmer's grief—a hopeless lawsuit.—Jackson inquired more particularly into the matter, and asked his companion if he would permit him to plead his cause. The farmer, casting a side glance at Jackson's wretched pony, and at the still more wretched rider, expressed his disbelief of his power to be useful in this case, adding, that the first-rate lawyers could not give him any hope; but at last he consented. The issue of the trial was at hand; the farmer's counsel was pleading; the counsel of the opposite party as well as the jury were about to retire. "Stop, gentlemen," exclaimed our young lawyer, presenting himself at the bar in front of the presiding judge, and exhibiting his license, he was allowed to plead accordingly. In less than fifteen minutes he succeeded in riveting the attention of the judges, jury, and assembly, all equally astonished at the forcible address of a peasant, who made his first appearance dressed in a home-made coat, with a linen bag thrown over his shoulders containing provisions for himself and his horse. The jury retired, the verdict was pronounced, the farmer recovered his property, and the young lawyer gained a name and clients. He was afterwards appointed president judge of the quarter-sessions, which station he filled with honour to himself, though he resigned it at a later period, as well as other offices which he then held. His military passion led him to take the command of a body of militia destined against the Indians. The character of a war with these tribes is well known, and though, perhaps, insignificant in the eye of an European general, it is so full of dangers and hardships, that none but those who have travelled through the backwoods, the scenes of such wars, can form any competent idea of their nature. Only an American can bear these fatigues, and follow an enemy through swamps and trackless woods, who is seen and disappears at the same moment, and is close at the heels of his foe when supposed to be far distant. The Indian never attacks in the open field, thinking it the greatest folly to expose himself. To do this, even should he vanquish his enemy face to face, would rather subject him to degradation in the eyes of his brethren, than be productive of glory to him. Concealed behind trees, or under cover of bushes and rocks, these people send forth their deadly weapons, or fire at their foes. If they have not the shelter of a cavern, they throw themselves down in the grass, and are thus hidden from view. Their food consists of the calabash and a bundle of maize flour; their weapons are the tomahawk and now generally a gun. They travel with surprising

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swiftness through forty or fifty miles of country; they prefer making nightly attacks, and in this kind of warfare they are exceedingly expert. It is a well-known fact, that in one of the recent wars, the nation of the Sioux travelled above three hundred miles in order to surprise their enemies, who, fancying themselves secure, were off their guard: few escaped the tomahawk. Jackson knew the character of his opponents, and fought them in their own way. After an unwearying pursuit from one lurking place to another, he found them at last, and forced them to a stand. During one of these pursuits the brigadier and his corps fell short of provisions; most of the troops murmured, not excepting the officers, and all desired to return home. Jackson, informed of this discontent, sent his officers an invitation to breakfast with him on the following day. Surprised at such an invitation, the officers made their appearance at the hour appointed, their curiosity much excited by the projected entertainment. A great quantity of acorns were spread on the floor of the hut, which was formed of branches; the general was seated on the ground. When his guests entered, he rose, and pointing to the acorns, civilly said to them, "Gentlemen, as long as we have these we have no reason to complain of want of food; let us sit down." Without further ceremony he resumed his place, and began to eat this strange repast. The officers made many wry faces, but were obliged to munch the acorns as no roast beef was to be had.

'Jackson's perseverance was crowned with success; he charged the Indians, and put them to flight.'

The view of the literature and literary institutions of the United States, is so valuable and interesting, that we could have wished the author to have extended the observations which he devotes to it:—

'The literature of the United States of North America, compared with the progress in political importance, is in its infancy. It has taken its general features from the literature of Europe, although essentially differing in many respects. It is often new, and sometimes original. Although the offspring of England, it confines itself within its own limits, taking an interest in the literature of other countries only so far as it is allied to its own. The American literati are deficient in the elegant, the polished, and the classical taste of English writers; they are equally strangers to the systematic pedantry of the Germans, who know every part of the world except their own country—but in the art of a practical application of their knowledge, they probably excel both England and Germany. The American universities, contrasted with those of Europe, may, perhaps, be called compendiums of instruction. Men of learning, natives as well as foreigners, are not wanting amongst them, but they are generally too impatient, too egotistical, to apply the necessary time to study the speculative sciences. If the American visit a college, he does it not to improve his talents, but to make money as speedily as possible; he wants to learn quickly, and only to acquire what is absolutely necessary. Satisfied with the elements of science, he supplies the rest by private reading, by experience, and by natural shrewdness. This may explain the reason why there is even in their men of superior genius, so strange a mixture of learning and home-breeding, if I may so express myself, so much light thrown upon still more shadow, so much wit and shrewdness with so little logic and philosophy. The American seldom gives his attention to any science that is not likely to be conducive to a livelihood; to "make money" is the object, to which every other is subservient. Philosophy he leaves to the clergy, poetry to the

ladies, and if any unfortunate should happen to wander into these fanciful regions, he is very likely to starve, unless he expatriates himself, or is provided with a sufficient income. The Boston bard was actually exposed to this danger, had he not very lately been relieved by subscriptions. These occupations are looked upon as idle pursuits. The American takes an interest only in politics, law, mathematics, and, perhaps, in medical science. His progress in the three former is well known, and these sciences have become popular; an American being generally more or less versed in politics, in the law, and in mathematics. Here his talents are truly astonishing, and men who would be reckoned an ornament to any country, are principally indebted, for what they are, to their own exertions. As long as the United States remain free, and we hope they may long continue so, they will doubtless produce great men in these sciences. In modern times, music, poetry, and philosophy, have been more especially fostered in monarchies, and are not likely to flourish in the United States, amidst the bustle of mercantile and public life, as they were wont to do in the delightful regions of Greece and of Italy. This kind of mental activity not being calculated for "making money," will never become popular, and the very men who in later periods have distinguished themselves in polite learning, are justly supposed to be more or less inclined to monarchy.'

Among the literary institutions, the academy at Westpoint is considered as deserving of particular mention:

'All the branches adapted to military science and to the sea and land service, are taught there with a degree of perfection seldom to be met with in any other country. Astronomy, geography, universal history, and more particularly the history of the United States, theoretical and practical mathematics, are explained in the utmost perfection, and young men are educated there who would reflect honour on any country. The professors are natives of the Union, and foreigners; the pupils must not be above twenty one years of age, nor under fifteen, all American born. The institution is maintained by the central government, and the vacancies are filled up by the president.'

The principal universities are those of Harvard, at Charlestown, and of New York and Philadelphia; others are mentioned as having nothing more to recommend them than high sounding names. Great expectations, however, are excited by the newly-established Virginian university, that 'last proof of the indefatigable activity of the great Jefferson.' More ample means, it appears, are provided for popular than for literary information. The free-schools are fitter for their purposes, than the universities or scientific institutions, Westpoint excepted; and 'this,' says the author,—

'Ought to be the case in a free country. Wherever the mass of people constitute the sovereign power, light ought to be diffused through the whole body. The universities can only be attended by a few wealthy youths, whose fortune sufficiently elevates them above their fellow-citizens, and whose learning contributes still more to widen the distance. The free-schools, on the contrary, are intended for all; the utmost attention ought, therefore, to be bestowed upon them. In monarchical governments, universities will generally be superior; in republics, this superiority should belong to free schools. The American is unquestionably more conscious of self-dignity than any other man: the value which he sets upon this dignity is proved by the existence of innumerable institutions, all springing from the people. Even

the Western States are not so much behind-hand as is generally supposed. I have visited those countries several times, spoken with thousands of their inhabitants, and have not met with a single Anglo American wholly destitute of learning. The art of reading and writing is widely diffused, and the assertions of English travellers respecting the stupid ignorance of these backwoodsmen, are mere sallies of wit, and should be so understood. If I found a man entirely unlettered, I could be sure of his being an emigrant Irishman, or a descendant from the French.'

(To be continued.)

A Selection from the Public and Private Correspondence of Vice-Admiral Lord Collingwood, interspersed with Memoirs of his Life. By G. L. N. COLLINGWOOD, Esq. F. R. S. 4to. pp. 516. London, 1828. Ridgway.

WE have risen from the perusal of this volume with feelings very powerfully excited, by such a display of public and private worth, as we have rarely the happiness to contemplate. What we knew of Lord Collingwood as a good and fortunate commander, standing for a long series of years full in the eyes of a grateful and admiring public, and what we had heard of his estimable conduct in his private relations, unqualifiedly favourable as it was, hardly prepared us for the glorious portrait here exhibited. Well may the editor observe that it is impossible to contemplate, without emotion, 'this affectionate husband and father, withheld from his family and home by a sense of public duty; yet still endeavouring to conduct the education of his daughters, and (while engaged, as he himself expressed it, in a perpetual contest with the elements, and with dispositions as boisterous and untractable,) cultivating, in their youthful minds, benevolence, gentleness, and every female virtue. The editor's allusion to the length and hardship of Lord Collingwood's service, supplies us with an extract, which will show the nature of the correspondence:—

'Of fifty years, during which he continued in the navy, above forty-four were passed in active employment abroad: and in the eventful time, from 1793 till his death in 1810, he was only for one year in England, and for the remainder was principally engaged in tedious blockades, rarely visiting a port; and on one occasion actually kept the sea for the almost incredible space of twenty-two months, without once dropping his anchor. It was during this period that the majority of the letters were written; and they display so much devotion to his country, so high a tone of feeling on all occasions, and such proofs of the freshness and purity of his domestic affections, and of the tenderness with which his mind was perpetually turning towards that home which he was not destined to revisit, that (although they were only intended for the eyes of those to whom they were addressed, and do not appear to have been even read over for the correction of the clerical and other accidental inaccuracies which occur in hasty composition) the editor has resolved to lay them before the public, in the confident belief that few occasions will ever be found of presenting to the navy, and the world at large, a more perfect example of an English sailor.'

The trifling inaccuracies here alluded to, only heighten the value of the volume, and give it an attraction which care and polish would have destroyed. The unstudied effusions of so intelligent and amiable a mind are

more welcome to us than critical precision and artificial feeling. As a correspondent, he was not less delightful than indefatigable; but it is painful to think of the penance exacted for his attention to this duty. His death, it is stated, was occasioned by a contraction of the pylorus, brought on by confinement on board of ship, and by his continually bending over a desk, while thus engaged. It is by no means remarkable that so much of his time was devoted to this occupation; and we can credit the editor's assertion, that the present volume affords but an imperfect idea of its extent. The solidity of his judgment being universally known and acknowledged, 'he was consulted from all quarters and on all occasions, on questions of general policy, of regulation, and even of trade; he treated, with facility and power, matters the most foreign from the habits of his life, dexterously adapted his style to the various and differing customs of the countries with which he was in communication, sagaciously penetrated into the secret projects of France, and foretold the successive changes of Russian policy.'

Of his singular honesty as a public servant, the following paragraph affords conclusive evidence:—

'So great was Lord Collingwood's economy of the public money, that the whole of his demand for extraordinary disbursements during the five years in which he held the command in the Mediterranean, amounted only to £54, in which were included the expense of a mission to Morocco on the subject of the horses mentioned above, the postage of letters, &c. &c.'

That like his illustrious friend, Lord Nelson, he was adored by his men will be readily believed. His treatment of them was calculated to awaken and secure affection. 'I cannot,' he once observed, 'I cannot, for the life of me, comprehend the religion of an officer who could pray all one day, and flog his men all the next.' He was singularly lucky in the preservation of health among his crew, as is intimated at the conclusion of the following letter:—

To Lord Radstock.

'Ocean, off Cadiz, February 3, 1807.

'The poor King and Queen of Prussia in an apothecary's shop! How reduced! And unable to get their breakfast until the bed is made! What a fall for greatness! This, however, is but the humiliation of the body, subject to chances and changes, as a condition of its being; "subject to the skiey influences that do it hourly afflict." But if his mind be still upon his throne, he may, even in an apothecary's shop, devise the means of rescuing his distressed kingdom from its present thralldom. Gustavus Vasa planned the emancipation of his country among the iron mines of Dalecarlia. Charles XII. did not feel himself less the monarch when a stone kitchen was his palace, and cooks and grooms of his council. If the king possesses mind and talents, and by justice, and a strict regard to their happiness, has gained the affections of his people, his case is not hopeless. Wherever Bonaparte reigns, there is the domination of power which is felt or dreaded by all. His rule is repugnant to the interests and welfare of the people; and whenever his tide of greatness be at the full, his ebb will be more rapid than his rise. I cannot help thinking that epoch is not distant. In that event, the world may hope for peace for a few years, until ease and wealth make them licentious and insolent, and then our grand children may begin the battle again. What I am most anxious about, is the plantation of oak in the

country. We shall never cease to be a great people while we have ships, which we cannot have without timber; and that is not planted, because people are unable to play at cards next year with the produce of it. I plant an oak whenever I have a place to put it in, and have some very nice plantations coming on; and not only that, but I have a nursery in my garden, from which I give trees to any gentleman who will plant them, and instruction how to top them at a certain age, to make them spread to knee timber.

'Captain Waldegrave is gone upon a little expedition, from which I do not expect his return immediately; but when he comes, I am confident he will have executed his commission well, and hope the route he has taken may be advantageous to him, for he deserves success. I should be sorry that he were out of the way when any thing serious—I mean any thing great were to happen here; for although I do not admire boasters, I detest a miserable croaker; and I must say, I feel myself, as Lord Castlereagh observed, "upon a bed of roses," and able to contend with any thing that can come to me from any quarter. My ships are complete in every thing; they never go into port more than one at a time: for myself, I have not let go an anchor for fifteen months; and on the first day of the year had not a sick list in the ship—not one man. The doctors are the only people who are in danger of scurvy, if want of employment be a cause of it.'

In a previous letter, too, addressing Lady Collingwood, he says, 'I have been long at sea, have little to eat, and scarcely a clean shirt; and often do I say, happy lowly clown! Yet with all this sea-work, never getting fresh beef nor a vegetable, I have not one sick man in my ship. Tell that to Doctor —.' Upon this subject, the editor adds:—

'The attention which Lord Collingwood paid to the health of his men has been already mentioned; but it may be added here, that in the latter years of his life he had carried his system of arrangement and care to such a degree of perfection, that perhaps no society in the world, of equal extent, was so healthy as the crew of his flag-ship. She had usually eight hundred men; was, on one occasion, more than one year and a half without going into port, and during the whole of that time never had more than six, and generally only four on her sick list. This result was occasioned by his attention to dryness, (for he rarely permitted washing between decks,) to the frequent ventilation of the hammocks and clothes on the booms, to the creating as much circulation of air below as possible, to the diet and amusement of the men, but, above all, by the contented spirits of the sailors, who loved their commander as their protector and friend, well assured that at his hands they would ever receive justice and kindness, and that of their comforts he was more jealous than of his own.'

From several interesting letters of his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, which exhibit him in a most amiable point of view, we extract the following:—

Bushy House, May 21, 1808.

'My dear Lord.—A few days ago I received your lordship's letter of the 30th March, which has given me great satisfaction. I am most warmly interested in all your operations, and must be allowed to be a sincere friend and wellwisher to the navy; for though I have lost one son on board the *Blenheim*, I have just started another with my old friend and shipmate Keats, and I have another breeding up for the quarter-deck. From the secrecy of those Frenchmen, and their power on the Continent,

which are equally known to your lordship and myself, the affairs of war are more intricate than ever; but in your lordship's hands the interests of our country are safe. The great object of the enemy must be Sicily, for your lordship observes with as much truth as wisdom, that we cannot maintain ourselves in the Mediterranean without that island. I sincerely trust that the next time the French venture out your lordship will fall in with them. The event will speak for itself—another Trafalgar. All I ask is, that the life of the gallant admiral may be spared to his grateful country.

'Your lordship mentions my approbation and friendship. Had not circumstances, which it is unnecessary to dwell upon, prevented my following our profession, I should have been proud to have seen the word approbation in your lordship's letter; but situated as I am, I must to your lordship confess that I merit not that epithet: but every individual that does his duty well is sure of my friendship. I need not say more to Lord Collingwood, the bosom friend of my ever-to-be-lamented Nelson.

'I took my second son to Deal, which gave me an opportunity of visiting the different ships there. I was very much pleased with what I saw, and found the navy infinitely improved. This country cannot pay too much attention to her naval concerns. We are the only barrier to the omnipotence of France; and it is to our navy alone that we owe this superiority.

'Though I have not yet the advantage of being personally known to your lordship, I trust I may be occasionally permitted to take up my pen, and that as events may arise your lordship will favour me with a few lines. I know your time is valuable. For the present, adieu. Believe me most sincerely interested in your lordship's welfare, and in the success of those valuable officers and men under your lordship's command.

'I remain ever, my dear lord, your's unalterably,
WILLIAM.'

On the occasion of Lord Collingwood's funeral, his royal highness thus feelingly addressed Lady C.:—

Bushy House, Saturday Night.

'Madam.—I this morning received a mourning ring in memory of the deceased Lord Collingwood, which, of course, I owe to your ladyship's politeness and attention. No one can regret the melancholy event of the death of his lordship more sincerely than I do; and I feel great concern in having been prevented from attending the funeral. I was informed that the interment was to be quite private, or else I should have made a point of attending the remains of my departed friend to the grave. No one could have had a more sincere regard for the public character and abilities of Lord Collingwood than myself: indeed, with me it is enough to have been the friend of Nelson, to possess my estimation. The hero of the Nile, who fell at Trafalgar, was a man of a great mind, but self-taught: Lord Collingwood, the old companion in arms of the immortal Nelson, was equally great in judgment and abilities, and had also the advantage of an excellent education.

'Pardon me, madam, for having said so much on this melancholy occasion; but my feelings as a brother officer, and my admiration of the late Lord Collingwood, have dictated this expression of my sentiments. I will now conclude, and shall place on the same finger the ring which your ladyship has sent me, with a gold bust of Lord Nelson. Lord Collingwood's must ever be prized by me as coming from his family: the bust of Lord Nelson I received from an unknown hand on the day the event of his death reached this country. To me the two rings are invaluable; and the sight of them

must ever give me sensations of grief and admiration. 'I remain ever, madam,

'Your ladyship's obedient,
'and most humble servant,
'WILLIAM.'

Lord Collingwood's just sense of moral excellence is obvious throughout the whole volume. We shall here quote part of one of his letters to his daughters, which is particularly worthy of the attention of our female readers:—

'God Almighty has impressed on every breast a certain knowledge of right and wrong, which we call conscience. No person ever did a kind, a benevolent, a humane, or charitable action, without feeling a conscientiousness that it was good: it creates a pleasure in the mind that nothing else can produce; and this pleasure is the greater, from the act which causes it being veiled from the eye of the world. It is the delight such as angels feel when they wipe away the tear from affliction, or warm the heart with joy. On the other hand, no person ever did or said an ill-natured, an unkind, or mischievous thing, who did not, in the very instant, feel that he had done wrong. This kind of feeling is a natural monitor, and never will deceive if due regard be paid to it; and one good rule, which you should ever bear in mind, and act up to as much as possible, is, never to say any thing which you may afterwards wish unsaid, or do what you may afterwards wish undone.

'The education of a lady, and, indeed, of a gentleman too, may be divided into three parts; all of great importance to their happiness, but in different degrees. The first part is the cultivation of the mind, that they may have a knowledge of right and wrong, and acquire a habit of doing acts of virtue and honour. By reading history you will perceive the high estimation in which the memories of good and virtuous people are held; the contempt and disgust which are affixed to the base, whatever may have been their rank in life.—The second part of education is to acquire a competent knowledge how to manage your affairs, whatever they may happen to be; to know how to direct the economy of your house; and to keep exact accounts of every thing which concerns you. Whoever cannot do this must be dependent on somebody else, and those who are dependent on another cannot be perfectly at their ease. I hope you are both very skilful in arithmetic, which, independently of its great use to every body in every condition of life, is one of the most curious and entertaining sciences that can be conceived. The characters which are used, the 1, 2, 3, are of Arabic origin; and that by the help of these, by adding them, by subtracting or dividing them, we should come at last to results so far beyond the comprehension of the human mind without them, is so wonderful, that I am persuaded that if they were of no real use, they would be exercised for mere entertainment; and it would be a fashion for accomplished people, instead of cakes and cards at their routs, to take coffee and a difficult question in the rule of three, or extracting the square root.—The third part is, perhaps, not less in value than the others. It is how to practise those manners and that address which will recommend you to the respect of strangers. Boldness and forwardness are exceedingly disgusting, and such people are generally more disliked the more they are known; but, at the same time, shyness and bashfulness, and the shrinking from conversation with those with whom you ought to associate, are repulsive and unbecoming.

'There are many hours in every person's life which are not spent in any thing important; but it is necessary that they should not be

passed idly. Those little accomplishments, as music and dancing, are intended to fill up the hours of leisure, which would otherwise be heavy on you. Nothing wearies me more than to see a young lady at home, sitting with her arms across, or twirling her thumbs, for want of something to do. Poor thing! I always pity her, for I am sure her head is empty, and that she has not the sense even to devise the means of pleasing herself.'

We conclude our present notice with the following characteristic from Lord Collingwood to his lady:—

'Ocean, off Cadiz, July 28, 1808.

'I have just received your letter of the 25th June, out of the sea; for the Pickle Schooner, which brought it out with all the public despatches, ran on a reef of rocks in the night, and is entirely lost. The despatches, being on weighty subjects, I am afraid are all lost; your lighter letter was saved from the wreck with some others, and gave me the happiness of hearing that you were well. The Spaniards have been in great spirits since their victory; but they have rather marred the business by allowing the French to capitulate. I shall mend it for them as much as I can.

'I am sorry to find my picture was not an agreeable surprise: I did not say any thing to you about it, because I would always guard you as much as I could against disappointment; but you see, with all my care, I sometimes fail. The painter was reckoned the most eminent in Sicily; but you expected to find me a smooth-skinned, clear-complexioned gentleman, such as I was when I left home, dressed in the newest taste, and like the fine people who live gay lives ashore. Alas! it is far otherwise with me. The painter was thought to have flattered me much: that lump under my chin was but the loose skin, from which the flesh has shrunk away; the redness of my face was not, I assure you, the effect of wine, but of burning suns and boisterous winds; and my eyes, which were once dark and bright, are now faded and dim. The painter represented me as I am; not as I once was. It is time and toil that have worked the change, and not his want of skill. That the countenance is stern, will not be wondered at, when it is considered how many sad and anxious hours and how many heartaches I have. I shall be very glad when the war is over. If the other nations of Europe had resisted the French as the Spaniards have done, governments would not have been overturned nor countries despoiled. But Spain has had many favourable circumstances; they got rid of a weak court and licentious nobility. The invisible power that directs the present government is the priesthood; the people are their instruments, whom they raise to an enthusiasm that makes them irresistible. Bonaparte has not merely the Spanish army to combat, (indeed the best of them are prisoners either in the north or at Lisbon,) but it is the Spanish nation which is opposed to him. Every peasant is a soldier, every hill a fortress. As soon as I have settled affairs here, which will be as soon as the supplies come from England, I shall proceed up the Mediterranean again, where I have much to do in many points. I hope I am working them pretty well at this moment, and that my ships are actively employed.

'— writes to me that her son's want of spirits is owing to the loss of his time when he was in England, which is a subject that need give her no concern, for if he takes no more pains in his profession than he has done, he will not be qualified for a lieutenant in sixteen years, and I should be very sorry to put the safety of a ship and the lives of the men into such hands. He is of no more use here as an officer than Bounce is, and not near so en-

tertaining. She writes as if she expected that he is to be a lieutenant as soon as he has served six years, but that is a mistaken fancy; and the loss of his time is while he is at sea, not while he is on shore. He is living on the navy, and not serving in it. — too is applying to go home. If he goes he may stay; for I have no notion of people making the service a mere convenience for themselves, as if it were a public establishment for loungers.'

Thaumaturgus. 12mo. pp, 137. London, 1828. Longman & Co.; Dublin, Richard Millikin and Son.

THIS is indeed a sort of learned rebus, and one the solution of which may well be despaired of, unless the eccentric author should gratify us by becoming his own expounder. Never, certainly, did a work so completely set criticism at defiance, or so successfully place the poor reviewer in the dilemma of having nothing to offer, either on the subject or the writer. Thus unmercifully prohibited from following our customary course, we have nothing for it but to allow great Thaumaturge to lay before our readers, in his own way, some of the passages of his origin, precocity, habiliments, learning, &c. The first is thus whimsically stated:

'Man's information vague and scant is
Of my proud country, the Atlantis;
Though th' ancients fill'd its ports with squad-

rons,
It lies *incog.* to swaggering moderns,
And off its northern naze, Perouse,
Blundering on breakers, closed his cruise.
You ask its bearings, and its seas:
South of those isles, some few degrees,
Where—famed for their productions puzzling,
Willows bear nuts, each nut a gosling,
And Soland geese, in guise of fruit,
Hang ripening from each loaded shoot.
These point the track in part, but chief
'Tis mark'd by that terrific reef
Where storm-tost Heiuseon's bark erratic
Was stay'd, by magnets subaquatic.
In that far realm—though strange, 'tis true—
I rose—I was not *born*, but *grew*,
Not e'en begot in the same way as
Famed Appolonius Thyaneus,
Betwixt a wench and salamander,
(Parents just fit for Alexander,)
I own nor mother, sire, nor cox;
Nature evolved me from a lusz,
Which long in *pupa* state enshrined
The elements of form and mind.'

Of our hero's *precocity*, we have the subjoined erudite and fanciful account:

'Fame blazons loud the pow'rs precocious
Of Chrichton, Heineken, and Grotius,
The second, ere his months reached twenty, took
Long learned lectures in the Pentateuch:
And when his fragile clock of life
Had struck the little age of five,
With aptness premature, he ran on
Through codes of civil law and canon:
Gulped mathematics, mixed and pure, up;
But ere th' expecting hand of Europe
The fruit thus early blown could gather, ah!
He died of literary plethora.
Let Lubeck's gossips talk with tremor, on
This lost illustrious Ephemeron.—
Judge of mankind's amaze, when first
Upon the wondering world I burst!
My eyes, full-orb'd, reflected bright
Young intuition's lively light;
Keen as a Calmuck's, too, whose glance,
Along the treeless *Steppes* expanse
Describes the foemen's motley files,
Still distant five long German miles,
Gauging their squadron's breadth and bulk,
He shews the *Hetman*, names the *Pulk*,

And tells what chiefs, in each battalion,
Are horsed on gelding, mare, or stallion.
Mere man, in this benighted time,
Is deemed a mocking bird—a mime;
No heritor of speech but catches
The *patois* of his nurse by snatches;
Mar but his ear's sound-seizing drum,
Babe, boy, and adult, he lives dumb.
Say, ye sophisticated fools,
Deep read in all, save Nature's, schools,
Why hath not history's noontide light,
Chased these dull dreams of mental night?
A brace of kings—sooth-searching sages—
Reigning in different realms and ages,
One a shrewd Scot, and one a *Phrygian*, has
Proved language to mankind indigenous!
The first—the story is Pitcairn's—
Placed, with a tongue-tied nurse, two "*bairns*"
In a lone isle, and lowly cot,
Tabooing then the sea-girt spot,
Till, nature-taught, the hermit-boys
Proved words to co-exist with voice,
And call'd for *crowdy* to the Crone, in
Hebrew, unmixed with Babylonian:
And of that dialect purely known
To Heber's holy house alone.
The next king, at an earlier era,
For the same end, resolved to rear a
Suckling babe with a *sourde muette*
Nurse; and, as the banling grew, it
Showed the point similarly solved—
The oral organs soon evolved;
And the emphatic noun that broke
From his first lisping, when he spoke,
Was—no apostrophe to Jove—
But *beccos*, *Phrygian* for a loaf.
Even here, where moral swaddlings bind
The young developments of mind,—
Like cramping clogs, which, locked to insteps,
Compel the Pekin belles to *mince* steps,
Frail Fashion's fiat there commanding
Such outrage on the *understanding*,—
Even here, from babe's untutored lips
The dear dissyllable that slips,
In *mamma* blends—so instinct leads it—
The mother with the *fount* that feeds it.
So that, in fine, it matters not,
Be the babe *Phrygian*, Frank, or Scot,
Or of whatever clan or clime,
Set in the ring of earth, or time—
Still, in the way of nurture, somewhat
Forms the prime note of Nature's gamut.
Prompt to fulfil her sacred nonce,
No infant I—I spoke at once;
Scorn'd men's mean *cognoms*—Capet—Guelph,
Chose and conferred upon myself
(This my first locutory work was)
The simple "*style*" of *Tnaumatugus*.
Pedants of Cambridge, Oxford, Eton,
Applaud the congruent *epitheton*.
Not Chrichton, Grotius, nor e'en Heineken,
Dare claim precocity to *mine* akin;
Tuan Lipsius self, I proved astuter, tho'
That sage philosophized *in utero*.
More than his acumen—yea, more
Than Belgium's schools can boast of lore,
'Mongst native, denizens, or aliens,
Was centred in my *punctum saliens*."

As specimens of this strange creation's
dress, we select only the *gallygaskins*, *hose*,
and *hat*.

'These gallygaskins of tough leather,
That guard my loins from wintry weather,
And fit each thigh with so much grace on,
Are the true ram-skin seized by Jason,
And smuggled, in his stout armado,
From Colchis—th' ancient *El Dorado*.

Ev'n of the woof used in these bosen,
Which case, like Irish trowse, the toes in,
The sister fates, at my request half
Supplied from their terrific distaff;
Lachesis, whom my valet wheedles,
Knit them with Cleopatra's needles.

'Barepate Suarrow started, *shock'd* at
The shape and shadow of my *cock'd*-hat;
Huge hemisphere of felt—its span is
Like the Rialto's arch, at Venice.
Cease, ornithologists, to wonder
At bombast tales of roc and condor:
Polo, who lauds the first, will swear he
Oft bears an el'phant to his cyry;
The latter fowl, at one short luncheon,
Gorges an ox and gulps a puncheon.
The villous sheathing of my bonnet,
And gloomy grove of plumes upon it,
In the fierce vulture's pairing season,
I ravished from the crest and weason
Of—rabbits lend your loftiest words—
Barjuchné, Behemoth of birds!
When but a flut'ring eyasmusket,
Her wings made midnight, ere 'twas *dusk* yet:
Once from her nest a huge egg fell,
Earth shook beneath the shatter'd shell;
Forth gushed a deluge of *albumen*,
Swamping towers, towns, men, brats, and wo
men.

Thus much the turgid Talmud fellows say;
The yelk now forms a sea—the *yellow sea*."

Our concluding quotation makes a plea-
sant allusion to the speculative notion of
educing a man's character from his hand
writing:

'PETER THE HERMIT—D'ISRAELI.
Resolving still the learned mystery,
The books of the monk-scribes of history,
Cull'd from their cells on Monte Santo,
I now, with hasty hand, began to
Expose, and to the wondering gazer
Demonstrate the gazettes of Cæsar
(His Commentary Book fools term it)
To be the work of Peter th' Hermit.
The *Croisés'* muster-master-general—
Whether his schemes did good to *men*, or ill,
I shan't discuss—some bless, some curse him;
But, were his skull thumm'd by Dan Spurzheim,
Altho' it might express sagaciousness,
T'would lack the bump that marks pugnacious-
ness.

Certes, he was profoundly skill'd in
The art and mystery of building.
Had Pagan Rome seen his design,
For march of war, to bridge the Rhine,
—In fost'ring merit none could beat her—
She'd made a *Pontifex* of Peter.

Oft by his MSS alone
An author's character is known;
And as these monk-writ classics pass'd,
A glance upon each codex cast
Proved that—not only of his *sense* it is
A test, but of the scribe's propensities—
In penmanship, whoever nourishes
A taste for filagree and flourishes,
Puts his own portrait on the paper,
As given to gasconade and vapour,
More of this system I'll not tell ye—
See it at large in D'Israeli'

Through all the extravagance and oddity
of this volume, we perceive great original
power, wit of the first order, and a shrewd-
ness of observation, that would carry the
author successfully through higher and wor-
their efforts.

*A Pilgrimage in Europe and America, leading
to the Discovery of the Sources of the Mis-
sissippi and Bloody River; with a Descrip-
tion of the whole Course of the former, and
of the Ohio.* By J. C. BELTRAMI, Esq.
London, 1828. Hunt and Clarke.

WITH more than one-half of this work, in
which Mr. Beltrami leads us over an ex-
tremely beaten track, (including parts of
Italy, France, England, and America,) we
are unwilling to have anything to do; be-
cause, though occupying so considerable a

space, these rambling memoranda must be
considered by the reader, and were, we sup-
pose, intended by the writer, merely as mat-
ters of a secondary and introductory purport;
and because Mr. Beltrami has invested this
portion of his labours with nothing very novel
or ingenious. In fact, we should have been
on better terms with him, if he had avoided
altogether those worn and unprofitable sub-
jects, on which much shrewder men have ex-
hausted invention and observation. His ge-
neral style, too, is by no means to our taste.
Egotistical, declamatory, and common-place,
he luxuriates in trifling, and mistakes when
he adventures upon higher themes. We are
more frequently disgusted by pretension and
bombast, than amused or interested by keen
remark and correct observation. And yet,
occasionally, we *do* meet with these; and
often are we prepossessed in favour of the
author, by his avowal of manly and enlight-
ened sentiments. But we consider him less
capable of enlarged and comprehensive views
of civilized society,—less qualified to seize
and depict the individual and national pecu-
liarities which distinguish such, than to deli-
neate the wilder and not so complicated rela-
tions and condition of the savage. For this
reason we shall draw upon the latter por-
tion of the second volume for such extracts as
may interest our readers, and exhibit the
style and nature of Mr. Beltrami's '*Pil-
grimage*.'

Writing from the Julian sources of the
Mississippi, so named by Mr. Beltrami, after
a lady whom he warmly eulogizes, and the
Bloody River, August 31, 1823, he states,
that during the two first days after his sepa-
ration from some American friends, he expe-
rienced only a few difficulties in passing
along places infested by wolves, in which his
Indian guides 'had to strike out for them-
selves the quickest road to accelerate the com-
pletion of their vengeance.

'Their natural compass was as exact as the
most finished production of art and science: I
have already mentioned with what facility they
discover their proper route both by day and by
night, even when the stars are concealed.

'On the third day my poor dogs, which were
by that time exhausted by fatigue, found in-
surmountable obstacles in the marshes and
wood. We were compelled, therefore, to load
my mule with nearly the whole of my baggage;
and I consequently proceeded in the style of
St. Francis.

'The interpreter informed me that it was ne-
cessary to follow blindly and implicitly the sa-
vages whom we had connected ourselves with;
for on the least contradiction they would have
left us on the spot. I therefore in every possi-
ble way consulted their humours: we halted
when they pleased; we smoked when they de-
sired it, although I never smoke myself but for
form and ceremony; they partook whenever
they liked of every thing eatable that I had
with me; and, even more than that, I fre-
quently regaled them with heathcocks, which
I killed in considerable numbers on our way.
The Indian, having neither powder nor ball to
throw away, and rarely aiming at game when
on the wing, is but little expert at this descrip-
tion of sport. My companions were, therefore,
extremely astonished at the dexterity with
which I brought down my game at almost
every fire; and I of course exerted my best ef-
forts to justify the name which they had be-
stowed upon me, and inspire them with an im-
posing opinion of my powers. I was desirous,
like the first Spaniards in America, to appear

as a superhuman being in their eyes, in order to excite their respect and submission; but the most subtle and refined malice has now succeeded to that species of simplicity which formerly distinguished them; and they have become more cruel and ferocious in proportion as they have discovered that white men regard them as an inferior *caste* to themselves, appropriate their lands under pretence of defending them, and, while affecting to confer favours by engaging in commerce with them, degrade them into mere slaves of their own avarice. They denominated me the *Great Warrior*; and when an explanation was asked of them, at my request, they answered that they had dreamed I was such; and their dreams are ever considered by them as infallible. You must now, therefore, regard me as *Kitcy Okiman*.'

On the fifth day they arrived at Robber's river, called *Wamans-Watpa* by the Sioux, and *Powisi-sibi* by the Cypowais, so denominated because one of the Sioux, in his flight from the vengeance which had been denounced against him for murder, kept himself concealed, and robbed on this spot for many years, escaping the observation of his persecutors and enemies, by whom he was completely surrounded. We passed along its bank for two or three miles, to the place where it falls into the Red river, and there my Indian attendants discovered their canoe, which was concealed among the brambles.

'I had been informed, at Pembear, that a number of *Bois-brûlés* had proceeded to this confluence in order to erect huts for their winter hunting establishment, and that some one of them would certainly be able to accompany me, and act as my interpreter, as far as Red lake, and, if I desired it, still farther; but we found none there. The Cypowais had driven them away, as we were informed by one of the latter, and they were gone to establish themselves about a hundred miles lower down. On the other hand, my interpreter from Pembear could not possibly continue with me: besides his having to conduct back the mule, other powerful reasons operated to prevent him. I was therefore compelled to decide; and I delivered myself over to the care of my two Indians.

'We had not again proceeded up the river more than two miles before they stopped, and presented an offering of dry provisions and tobacco to *Miciliki*, the Manitou of Waters. This was a stake painted red, and fixed under a kind of *sacellum*, like those of antiquity, and the ceremony is by no means modern. They were, for this once, more generous towards their deities than Indians in such circumstances generally are: the reason is, that their offering was at my expense.

'The frequent rapids which we had met with in the course of five or six miles, and which had compelled us to walk continually in the water, and over pointed and cutting rocks, in order to preserve our canoe from injury, had very much fatigued us, and our appetite also induced us to make a halt; we accordingly did so, and after eating my repast, I went to sleep beneath a tree, recommending myself to the care of Providence.

'I was awakened by discharges of fire-arms, and on starting up perceived five or six Indians on the opposite bank of the river, apparently desirous to cross it. On seeing me they seemed struck with astonishment and terror, and fled with precipitation: one of our Indians was wounded. Those who had fired at them were Sioux. I was already known among the Indians of that nation, as the *Tonka-Wasci-cionsca*, or the *Great Chief from a far country*; and my tall stature and noble horse had rendered me the more remarked by them, as these are two things of which they are extreme ad-

mirers. When they again saw me on this spot, they concluded that the whole expedition was there, and fled with all haste for fear of being recognised. This was the idea that first presented itself to my mind, and I instantly acted upon it. We jumped immediately into our canoe; I performed to the best of my power the labours of the wounded Indian, who had his left arm shot completely through, and his right shoulder grazed. The ball, however, had not touched the bone of the arm, and the wound in the shoulder had injured only the integuments. The juice of some boiled roots was applied as the healing balsam; the down of a swan-skin, which I had purchased at Pembear, was substituted for lint, my handkerchief served for a bandage, and the bark of a tree called *owigobignigy*, or white wood, answered the purpose of securing the arm in a sling. We kept on our course till evening, and saw nothing more of them.'

On the following morning our traveller was deserted by his treacherous companions, and for three days had to encounter fatigues and difficulties of a description the most fearful and overwhelming:

'The morning of the 18th awakened me to my active duties, and I proceeded in my course; and before mid-day, fell in with two canoes of Indians.

'Being alone in a canoe of their nation, with three muskets, (for those of my two Indians were in my possession,) I might naturally have been apprehensive of exciting their most dangerous suspicions. But, Heaven be praised, I entertained no apprehension whatever. I called to them with confidence, while they, struck with wonder at so extraordinary an object, halted on the opposite bank of the river. What astonished them most was my superbly conveyed baggage. They could form no idea of what that great red skin (my umbrella) could possibly be, nor of what was placed beneath it; and, observing me walking in the water, they perhaps imagined me to be their *Miciliki*. Some Catholics, from the tallness of my stature, would have thought they saw our Saint Christopher: if the latter carried the infant Jesus, I might be well said to carry the cross. At length, however, they politely replied to my *Aniscicin nigy*, (good day, my friends;) but they could not recover from their surprise, and approached me with great hesitation.

'I made them comprehend what had occurred to me, and that I wanted one of them to accompany me as far as Red Lake. At first they started immense difficulties; but a woman was captivated by the beauty of my handkerchief, which was hanging from my pocket; a lad was fascinated with the one I had about my neck, and an old man muffled up in a miserable ragged rug, which, through its innumerable holes, displayed nearly one half of his person, had already cast his rapacious glance on mine; pretending to search for something in my portmanteau, a bit of calico which casually came to hand excited the full gaze of one of the young girls; and my provisions, which they had already tasted, strongly stimulated their gormandizing appetite: I satisfied the whole of them, and the old man decided to accept my proposal. He took the helm of my vessel, and we set off.

'This assistance extricated me from a situation which certainly was by no means pleasant, and it was so much the more valuable as it would have been impossible for me to proceed alone, because the river was constantly increasing in depth. Notwithstanding this, however, my mind was in a state of incessant agitation as I proceeded, and I perceived its attention completely occupied about something which it left behind it with regret. It was no difficult matter for me to detect this secret. My mind

was, in fact, adverting to the four days of its solitude and independence, and had addressed to itself some such language as the following, "You have experienced complete solitude, you have tasted genuine independence, you will from this time never enjoy them more. The independence and solitude represented in books, or to be found among civilized nations are vain and chimerical." I, at that moment, fully comprehended why the Indians consider themselves happier than cultivated nations, and far superior to them!

'It is difficult to meet with a rower as strong as my patriarchal companion, and we advanced at a rapid rate, without stopping, till the evening. Our table was furnished with a couple of ducks; I had fire to make a roast, and I shot them accordingly. Though my bed was without a cover-lid, (the cunning old fellow having left in his own canoe the one which I had given him,) yet wrapping myself, like the Indians, in the skin I wore about me, I lay down to rest very comfortably. In the course of the night I was waked by my cautionary cord; and, at first, I imagined that my pilot was also going to desert me, but it turned out to be occasioned by some large animal who had taken a fancy to my provisions. I gently seized my gun, which I always keep at my side, and in an instant brought him down.

'My Indian, confounded by the report of fire-arms, thought he had been attacked by the Sioux, about whom, not improbably, he had been dreaming, and immediately betook himself to flight. I called out to him, I ran towards him to convince him of his error, and restore his confidence, but the forest and darkness concealed him from my view, and thus in a moment my solitude and independence were renewed. However, I could still have smiled at the adventure, if such an expression of feeling had been at all seasonable.

'I waited for him in vain for the remainder of the night. Two discharges of the gun, however, which I fired off immediately one after the other, (considered by them as a signal of friendship,) brought him back to his quarters with the dawn of day.

'We searched for the animal I had fired at, which, it seems, retained strength sufficient to drag itself to a few paces distance among the brushwood, to which traces of blood guided us; it proved to be a wolf. My companion refused to strip the animal of its skin, a superb one, viewing it at the same time with an air of respect, and murmuring within himself some words, the meaning of which will probably surprise you. In fact, the wolf was his *manitou*. He expressed to it the sincerity of his regret for what had happened, and informed it that he was not the person who had destroyed it.

'On the 19th, my mentor wanted to play me the trick of handing me over to the charge of another Indian whom he fell in with; but I gave him a frown, and he went on with me. We again made a good day's progress, to which I contributed by rowing to the best of my ability.

'Night arrived without his pausing in his exertions. He gave me to understand that it was indispensable for him to reach the destined place without delay, and appeared excessively eager to rejoin his canoes.

'Much fatigued, and shivering under a cold moist air, with which the night-dews in this country pierce to the very bones, I lay down under my bear-skin to sleep. A distant sound awoke me, and I found myself alone in my canoe, in the midst of rushes. On turning my head, I observed three or four torches approaching me. My imagination had at first transported me to the enchanted land of fairies, and I was in motionless expectation of receiving a visit from their ladyships, or of being addressed

like Telemachus, by the nymphs. They proved, however, to be female Indians, who came to convey my effects, and to guide me to their hut. My Charon, who, from purgatory, had conducted me to hell, had applied to them for this purpose, and then hastened his return to his family, who were waiting for him where he first met with me. I was now at Red Lake, at the marshy spot whence the river springs, and about a mile from an Indian encampment.

'I was conducted to a hut covered with the bark of trees, like those which I have already described to you as belonging to the Cypowais, but on a larger scale. I there found fourteen Indians, male and female, nineteen dogs, and a wolf. The latter was the first to do the honours of the house; however, as he was fastened, he could not attack me so effectively as he was evidently desirous of doing, and merely tore my pantaloons, which were, indeed, the only pair I had still serviceable. This wolf was one of their household gods.

'The first two of the Indians that my eyes glanced on were my former treacherous companions: I appeared not to observe them. I desired the women to hang up my provisions to the posts which supported the roof, to preserve them from the voracity of the dogs; and, not having any power to help myself, I lay down in the corner assigned to me in this intolerably filthy stable. When I got up again, you will easily believe that I did not rise alone; thus I incurred an addition of wounds and inflictions on a body which the pointed flints and cutting shells of the river, and the boughs of trees, thorns, brambles, and mosquitoes, had previously converted into a Job.'

They were now approaching the sources of the Mississippi:

'On the morning of the 28th we resumed our navigation of the river, which enters on the south side of the lake. About six miles higher up we discovered its sources, which spring out of the ground in the middle of a small prairie, and the little basin into which they bubble up is surrounded by rushes. We approached the spot within fifty paces in our canoe.'

'We are now on the highest land of North America, if we except the icy and unknown mountains which are lost in the problematical regions of the Pole of that part of the world, and in the vague conjectures of visionary map-makers. Yet all is here plain and level, and the hill is merely an eminence formed, as it were, for an observatory.

'Casting our eye around us, we perceive the flow of waters—to the south towards the gulf of Mexico, to the north towards the Frozen Sea, on the east to the Atlantic, and on the west towards the Pacific Ocean.

'A vast platform crowns this distinguished supreme elevation, and, what is still more astonishing, in the midst of it rises a lake.

'How is this lake formed? Whence do its waters proceed? These questions can be solved by the grand Architect alone; man can merely suggest conjectures; and those of the savans are sometimes the weakest and most erroneous, because the most presumptuous, and, from their extreme subtlety, unsubstantial; and even when they understand nothing of the different phenomena before them, they always consider themselves obliged to talk and theorize as if they had comprehended all. I will myself inform you in the first place of what I have materially and actually seen on the subject, and then offer the inferences naturally flowing from the facts.

'This lake has no issue; and my eyes, which are not deficient in sharpness, cannot discover, in the whole extent of the clearest and widest horizon, any land which rises above the level of it. All places around it are,

on the contrary, considerably lower. I have made long excursions in all its environs, and have been unable to perceive any volcanic traces, of which its banks are equally destitute. Yet its waters boil up in the middle; and all my sounding lines have been insufficient to ascertain their depth; which may be considered as indicating that they spring from the bottom of some gulf, the cavities of which extend far into the bowels of the earth; and their limpid character is almost a proof that they become purified by filtrating through long subterraneous sinuosities; so that time may perhaps have effaced the exterior and superficial traces of a volcano, and the basin of the lake have been nevertheless its effect and its crater. Whither do these waters go? This, I conceive, may be more easily answered, although there is no apparent issue for them.

'You have seen the sources of the river which I have ascended to this spot. They are precisely at the foot of the hill, and filtrate in a direct line from the north bank of the lake, on the right of the centre, in descending towards the north. They are the sources of Bloody river. On the other side, towards the south, and equally at the foot of the hill, other sources form a beautiful little basin of about eighty feet in circumference. These waters likewise filtrate from the lake, towards its south-western extremity; and these sources are the actual sources of the Mississippi! This lake, therefore, supplies the most southern sources of Red, or, as I shall in future call it (by its truer name) Bloody river; and the most northern sources of the Mississippi—sources till now unknown of both.

'This lake is about three miles round. It is formed in the shape of a heart; and it may be truly said to speak to the very soul. Mine was not slightly moved by it.'

We may probably avail ourselves of a future opportunity to diversify our pages with some of the striking adventures of Mr. Beltrami; on the present occasion, however, we must conclude with a powerful description of an Indian affray:

'The day and night of the 12th were the most dreadful of my whole life. I tremble whenever I even think of them; thank God, however, I did not tremble at the time. I was aware that, if I exhibited, before the Indians, the slightest indication of fear, it was all over with me. I carefully preserved, therefore, my self-possession, and an intrepidity, I flatter myself, of no easy attainment.

'A number of these Indians, who drink at two fountains, had just been visiting the English agents at Romaine island, on lake Huron; and among the presents distributed among them they had received some barrels of whiskey. This was soon circulated through the encampment, almost every member of which soon became violently heated and maddened by it.

'It is the usual practice of the female Indians, when they see cases of intoxication in their own tent, or in the camp, to preserve to themselves the strictest sobriety, that they may be enabled to prevent or mitigate the frequently dreadful consequences of intemperance in the men. But, on this occasion, the women were more completely inebriated than the men, and with the exception of a few young persons, all were plunged in the most frightful state of intoxication.

'The hell of Virgil and of Dante, or even that painted by Orcagna, at St. Maria Novella in Florence, in a style so deeply impressive, are only faint sketches in comparison with that full display of terror and death presented in the tragedy now acted: a tragedy exhibiting in all their horrors the Bacchantes, the Furies, the

Eumenides, Medusa, and all the monsters of history or fiction.

'Hatred, jealousy, long standing quarrels, mortal antipathies, all the ferocious passions, were in most exasperated excitement and conflict. The shrieks of the women and children, mingled with the yells of these cannibals, and the bayings of dogs, added the tortures of hearing to all the agonies which appalled the sight.

'Standing on a mound of earth with my cutlass in my girdle, my gun in my hand, and my sword half unsheathed at my side, I remained a spectator of this awful scene, watchful and motionless. I was often menaced, but never answered except by an expressive silence, which most unequivocally declared that I was ready to rush on the first who should dare to become my assailant. My *Bois-brulé* had concealed himself, and I had great difficulty in rallying him to my side, where he at length appeared to feel more confidence and security than elsewhere; for he became convinced that there was a greater probability of escaping the threatened catastrophe by courage and resolution than by indecision and terror.

'But it became necessary for me, for a few moments, to quit my intrenchment. The life of the chief, *Cloudy Weather*, was in danger. I was his host, and he was the father of the beautiful *Woascita*, who, by giving me timely notice, in two instances, of plots formed for my destruction, and thus kindling into stronger power the fierce and menacing expression of my countenance, had been twice my preserver. I darted forward with her and my *Bois-brulé*, who was now become a hero, and we saved him by disarming of their knives the two assassins who had attacked him, and against whom, merely with a small piece of wood, he defended himself like a lion. We pushed him into his tent, and committed him to the care of a warrior chief, one of his intimate friends, who was enjoined to protect him and prevent his going out. He found, however, a knife, which had been concealed; and whether from that impulse natural to Indians, which often occasions them in their passion to make a victim of the first man they meet, or whether through real mistake, he rushed on his friend and stabbed him with repeated thrusts: we, however, returned instantly at the call of *Woascita*, and fortunately in time to prevent the completion of murder.

'The son of the wounded savage, about eighteen years of age, entered the tent, and surveying with an expression of terrific dignity the assassin of his parent, with heroic self-possession thus addressed him:—"Thou hast stabbed my father—thy own friend—I ought to avenge him, and I could do it—but thou wouldest not have done this, hadst thou not been intoxicated—I pardon thee." In this young Indian, the son of *Bear's heart*, I perceived Rome and Greece united. He was the hero of the day. He was not only able to resist the temptation of liquor so exceedingly attractive to Indians, but he contributed greatly to mitigate the effects of its deadly influence. I embraced him with sentiments such as these savage people had never before excited in me. The noble conduct of this young man is also one of those circumstances which infuse such contradictions into the character of Indians, and almost preclude the power of defining them. In order to testify my admiration of his conduct, I gave him a liberal quantity of powder, the most valuable present that, situated as I was, I could possibly bestow upon him. I would have conferred on him an empire, had I been able; but my destitution was even greater than his own.'

The Ch
Tales
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The Children's Fire-side; being a Series of Tales for Winter Evenings. By ISABELLA JANE TOWERS. 12mo. pp. 310. London, 1828. Hunt and Clarke.

WE have always pleasure in taking up a work exclusively devoted to the entertainment and instruction of those happy little beings who, at this season of the year, are assembled round the firesides of their respective parents, anxiously seeking for new amusements. The volume before us consists of five tales, entitled *The Smugglers*, or *the Importance of being able to keep a Secret*; *The Shipwreck*; *Town and Country*; *The Witch*; and *Disobedience*, or *the Young Spanish Soldier*. These are evidently the production of a mother, who has made the hearts and understandings of her children her principal care and study; and in her brief and simple introduction she states, that it has been her aim to excite the youthful mind to reflection, to the love of truth and sincerity, and to the cultivation of kind and benevolent feelings. The first tale is intended to lead her young readers to pity the situation, while they condemn the actions of a brave and hardy set of men, who, under other circumstances, might be a blessing instead of a bane to their country; the second and third, to entice them to admire the wonders of the creation, and to shun the fascinations of frivolity and dissipation; the fourth, to make them look with abhorrence on the influence and wretched consequences of superstition; and the fifth, to shew them the sad results of disobedience. We consider the author to have been eminently successful in these attempts; and we conscientiously recommend the *Children's Fireside* to the attention of parents and guardians. Some of the tales are rather too much spun out: in the *Witch*, for instance, so much extraneous matter is introduced as to weaken, in some degree, the force of the moral. Many parts of the same story are, however, very excellent, and we extract the following passage from it as a fair specimen of the general style of the work:

'Jarvis was an excellent nurse; Ellen too, cheered the closing scene of her grandmother's life, and endeared herself to her father and mother by the close attention and sweetness of disposition which she evinced. The little girl used to sit at the casement of the old fashioned bed-room, ready to assist her aged relative; and frequently, as she looked out upon the fast fading leaves of her favourite lime-tree, and listened to the loud and difficult breathing of her dying grandmother, she used to shudder as she reflected that before many weeks should pass, that painful breathing, sad as it was, would no longer be heard! It was no secret to her that Mr. Merton the medical attendant, had pronounced the recovery of the old lady to be entirely hopeless, so that Ellen's thoughts were continually poring over the melancholy subject. She had never seen any one dead, and she wondered whether she could bear to look on the awful sight which that bed would shortly contain; she feared not, and was fain to run out of the room for very terror; till the recollection that her grandmother might want her cooling drink (which used to be put into her mouth with a teaspoon as she lay), restrained her. Ellen would not mention the dislike she had to be left alone in the room, lest it should cause her mother more trouble than she already had; so the heroic little girl continued to take her turn with Mrs. W., Jarvis, Betty, and Hannah, in attending to her expir-

ing relative. One morning in September she arose before the sun, and glided into the dismal room to take her usual station, while Jarvis, who had been up all night, went to lie down. The ruddy glow that spread over the east, and threw the steep downs into black masses of shade, streamed through the low casement upon the white curtains of the bed. Unlike the blythe mornings of spring, there were no birds carolling among the garden shrubs, except one little robin, hopping from bough to bough in the majestic linden tree; and sometimes with his slender feet shaking off a fragile leaf that had been loosened from its stem during the night. The noise of the farm-yard had not yet commenced; and as the amiable little girl leaned out into the quiet beauty of that autumn morning, it seemed to her as if she and the social robin had all the great lonely world to themselves. She drew a large warm shawl of her mother's round her chilly shoulders, and continued to watch the brightening east as the glorious sun rolled his golden beams over the grey expanse above her. Ellen felt her little heart heave with delight, and she wondered how all the beautiful changes of the heavens could be performed in such exceeding stillness as now surrounded her. The downs began to catch the beams of the rising sun, and showed like monstrous walls, with turfed buttresses in dark ridges to support them. Her absent brothers were remembered; she sighed for the cheerful George and kind-hearted Alfred, to share with her the many sad hours which she was obliged to pass alone; and as she gazed at the white chalk zig zag road that was cut in the dark surface of the heights before her, and which she had been told, led to the little village where they were at school; she longed to be clambering up its side that she might see her brothers. Ellen now remembered that she ought to look if her poor grandmother required any attention; so she withdrew from the fresh air into the cheerless room. Ellen quietly pulled aside the curtain, and the broad glare of the sun fell full upon the pale venerable face that rested on the pillow. "How quietly she sleeps," thought the little girl; "how still she lies! Oh! can she be dead? if she is then, (shocking as the sight is) I am glad I have had courage to stay with her, and to look at death!" She dropped the curtain, and stole out of the room with as noiseless a step as if she could have disturbed the cold quiet inmate of the bed!

'Uncertain whether to rouse her parents, she thought she had better call Betty; so, the only one moving in the silent house, she crept up the creaking stairs to the servants' room. They were just preparing to rise, when the pale face of the little courageous girl peeped in at their door; she soon told her mournful tale, then sat down on the bed and wept freely. Ellen in after life often thought of that sad morning, and always with gratitude; so many trials await humanity, and woman has so much depending on her exertions in domestic afflictions, that an early acquaintance with that common lot—a firm courage to look upon death—is not only desirable, but nearly indispensable!

A Second Course of Calisthenic Exercises, with a Course of Private Gymnastics for Gentlemen. By SIGNOR VOARINO. 8vo. pp. 104. London, 1828. Ridgway.

IN No. 409 of *The Literary Chronicle*, we stated the principal objects Signor Voarino had in view, in introducing his calisthenic exercises to the ladies of England. In the introduction to his second course, he quotes several respectable authors to support his opinions, but as advocates for peculiar

theories often overstep the bounds of moderation, it need not surprise either Signor Voarino or our readers, that we do not entirely agree with him, when he states, that 'diversions of a sedentary kind are of no other use than to consume time.' Diversions of a sedentary kind are just as useful to those who are subjected to great bodily exertion, as cheerful exercise of any kind is to those who are too much occupied with the labours of study. Gymnastic exercises certainly possess much of the usefulness attributed to them by the author, and may, in some cases, contribute to the removal of obstructions to health, help us to correct deformities in shape, and also assist in the development of natural graces; but the author goes too far in particularising the diseases in the cure of which gymnastic exercises have been found the most effectual, and his seventh item upon the person *threatened* with palsy, provoked a smile, which relieved us from serious cogitations, and for which we thank him. The following extract will show the author's sentiments in a favourable light:—

'The great objects of exercise, during infancy and youth, are, to promote the growth and strength of the body, and to render the feelings, both external and internal, more acute. The games and diversions of children, therefore, as Locke has well observed, should be directed towards good and useful habits, and against the introduction of bad ones. Nature has implanted in young persons an earnest desire to romp, to run, to wrestle, and to use other active bodily exercises. The construction of the human body proves, indeed, that exercise is its natural state.

'Exercise is even more necessary, in the early stages of life, than attention to the mental branches of education. It is astonishing how many perish by what Salzmann calls "the disease of education." Multitudes die every year of this disorder.

'According to Rousseau, the grand secret of education is, that the exercise of the body, and that of the mind, should be so continued as always to serve as a relaxation from each other.

'The exercises of youth should promote the circulation of the blood, and strengthen the nerves and muscles; they should accustom the body to a variety of positions, and render it adroit and agile; they should inspire presence of mind, and excite and cherish activity; and by them, not only personal strength and mental energy, but also the beauty of the form should be promoted. Salzmann observes, in his *Gymnastics for Youth*, "that, by the forcible respiration which exercise induces, narrowness of the chest, which is so injurious to the lungs, may be prevented."

'On the subject of agreeable exercises in general, it has been justly mentioned as a subject of regret, that these, and the Calisthenic Diversions and Exercises are now so little practised. Such pastimes make people take more exercise than they would otherwise, and are of the greatest service to those who are not under the necessity of labouring for their support.'

As a further inducement in favour of regular exercise, and its due application, we are presented with the examples of Cæsar and Cicero, respecting whom, in conclusion, we quote the following:—

'Cicero is described by Plutarch as being, at one period of his life, extremely thin and slender, and having such a weakness in his stomach, that he could eat but little, and that not till late in the evening. He travelled to Athens, however, for the recovery of his health, where his body was so strengthened by gymnastic exercises, as to become firm and robust; and his

voice, which had been harsh, was thoroughly formed, and rendered sweet, full, and sonorous.

'And of Julius Cæsar, the same author informs us, that he was originally of a slender habit of body, had a soft and white skin, was troubled with pains in his head, and was subject to epilepsy; but, influenced by the example of Cicero, and a great many others of his contemporaries, he found in those exercises the best medicine for his indisposition, as after them he went through long marches, bore coarse diet, frequent sleeping in the fields, and continued exposed to the hardships of war.'

The exercises in general are described in so plain and familiar a style, that admirers of the art will have little difficulty in following the directions of their preceptor

Practical Observations on the Convulsions of Infants. By JOHN NORTH, Surgeon-Accoucheur. Burgess and Hill.

THERE is no disease more terrifying to the parent, or more dangerous to the infant, than an attack of convulsions, and it appears, according to the valuable work now before us, that 'from a return made by Dr. Clarke, at the end of 1792, that of 17,650 children, born in the Lying-in Hospital of Dublin, a sixth part died during the first year of their existence, and that nineteen out of twenty fell victims to convulsions.' It is, therefore, time that some attention should be directed to such a distressing malady, with a view to prevent its occurrence, and also to its cure. We cannot do better than advise the reader to refer to Mr. North's work, as he seems to be a man of experience in infantile complaints, and his Observations ought to command a perusal by the medical public.

The Infidel, containing Reflections on Parts of Scriptural History; interspersed with Anecdotes and Poetical Illustrations. 8vo. pp. 68. London, 1828. E. Wilson.

A PAMPHLET containing many excellent observations, and some beautiful stanzas, from our best writers; more we cannot say in its behalf; nor are we very sanguine as to its convincing many of those who have enlisted under the banners of modern infidelity. Such persons may read to far more advantage, Hartwell Horne's Deism refuted. The author, in a preliminary advertisement, desires the indulgence of the critic, by assuring him, he is not a man of literature, of leisure, or of fortune. Such advertisements are now becoming far too common, and may have the tendency of recommending to the public a worthless book; they should certainly not be encouraged, as every work must stand on its intrinsic merit. In the present instance, it is clear the author thinks highly of his composition, as he has presumed to dedicate it 'to the Lord Bishop of London, the clergy of the diocese, and his lay brethren of all denominations.' We believe his intentions are good, but we cannot strongly recommend his work.

ORIGINAL.

THE HAREM'S VICTIM.

UPON her ottoman, alone,
Just weeping into rest, I found her,
Her head and arm along it thrown,
Pale as the moonshine playing round her,
Closing her bright but languid eye
With such serene repenting features,
That, guilty as she slumbered, I
Could deem her sleep a sinless creature's.

The Moslem has her presence left,
The spell is broke that led him thither,
The rose is of its sweets bereft,
Nor heeds he now how soon it wither;
A curse upon the tyrant fall
By whom a young heart thus is blighted;
A curse upon his perfumed hall
That is for such a victim lighted!
Save the soft sigh her bosom heaves,
No sound is heard within her chamber,
Nor out, except the rustling leaves
That up her lattice lightly clamber,
As if desiring to be near
The couch whereon her form reposes,
To mix their dew drops with the tear
That streak along her cheek discloses;
The blot is made, no future sun
Can reillumine her shaded feeling;
The wound is given, and such an one
No balsam hath the power of healing;
There was a time when one could cure,
And chase her spirit's darkest brooding,
Away, away! she then was pure,
Why now are such vain thoughts intruding?
The dreams of innocence are o'er,
Farewell the visions Hope had painted!
She will not see the loved one more,
She must not with a heart so tainted;
She could not, dared not look on him,
Whom once she met with pride and gladness,
To let him see her eye grown dim
With tears of shame and lonely sadness!
Poor flower! thought I, as I retraced
Her sullied charms' decaying splendour,
The spoiler who their bloom defaced,
In tiger's form had proved more tender;
For he must have a fiercer breast,
Who, gazing on such youth and beauty,
Could keep not the foul wish repress
To lure them from their peace and duty!

SFORZA.

PRIVATE LETTER FROM PARIS.

January 8, 1828.

Literature—New Works—Fragment of an unpublished Book, by M. Laurent, upon the French Revolution—Anecdote of Napoleon—Autographs—Letter of Benjamin West, P. R. A.

POLITICS, during the last few months, have occupied all my time, and the important interests which have just been settled, have so absorbed me, that I have neglected literature and forgotten my correspondence with The Literary Chronicle.

The contest is at length ended, public opinion has triumphed over the manœuvres of the court, and literature being no longer threatened by an odious censorship will recover its elasticity.

I should fill several of your columns if I were to give you an account of all the new works that have been published since I last wrote. We have had histories, romances, memoirs, poems, and pamphlets of all sorts, colours, and shapes. Among the first of these productions, I shall mention only L'Histoire de la Contre-Revolution en Angleterre sous Charles II. et Jacques II., in which M. Armand Carrel, a young writer of great courage and patriotism, whilst retracing the faults which led to the overthrow of the Stuarts, predicts to the Bourbons the fate which awaits them, if they persist in their retrograde system; and there is another historical work, by M. Laurent, upon the French Revolution, which is still in the press, and of which the author has shown me the following fragment, wherein he defends Mirabeau from the crime that has been imputed to him, of having abandoned the national cause:—

'But the audacious Mirabeau so undaunted at the tribunal, did he really sink beneath the secret factions of which he was the object, as we are assured by the writers of every party; and the admirable interpreter of the national enthusiasm in 1789, he whose name alone still represents, in history, all the revolutions of that epoch; did he really only speculate on the troubles of his country, put his conscience up to auction, and yield himself to the most infamous traffic at the very moment when we supposed him to be governed by the most sublime inspirations? If we were obliged to understand literally certain passages of Madame de Stael, Sir Walter Scott, and Montgaillard, this disgusting description of an extraordinary man could not, perhaps, at this period, be contested. It is true, that the dissolute manners of Mirabeau, in conjunction with the political connections that he had with the court towards the close of his life, must have caused him to be generally considered as a deserter from the revolutionary camp, and a hireling of the ancient regime, which were indebted to him for most of its defeats. But Madame de Stael and Sir Walter Scott should have been superior to vulgar prejudices, they ought to have known that the hero of the revolution might endeavour to moderate the democratic enthusiasm which he had himself excited without becoming on that account counter-revolutionary. When Mounier, who sowed the seeds of the insurrection in Dauphiny, when Necker, his friend, and other partisans of the English constitution, who formed with them the council of Monsieur (Louis XVIII.) separated themselves from the popular party, owing to the two chambers refusing to adopt their system; when they abandoned their post in the National Assembly or in the councils of the king, were they then guilty of treason, and ought they to be considered as sold to the very party whom they had hitherto combated with equal zeal, talent, and success? No, these statesmen were, according to Mirabeau's accusers, the only true friends of liberty; they might change sides without changing their principles; and yet a similar distinction cannot be made in favour of the giant of the French tribunal, who was guilty of insisting upon the establishment of a single chamber, and of disdaining the introduction of the English peerage, so much valued by Sir Walter Scott, Madame de Stael, and L'Abbé de Montgaillard. If Mirabeau had left a daughter, who had inherited his genius, she would not have been obliged to publish a trio of volumes for the purpose of unmasking this unjust partiality, and of ensuring for her father the gratitude of the nation. It would have been enough for her to have reminded her countrymen, that, at the very moment when the defence of the prerogatives of the constitutional king, by this terrible adversary of the old monarchy, overwhelmed him with the odious suspicions of corruption, his colleagues and fellow-citizens hastened to lay down their prejudices at the foot of his coffin, and enthusiastically to vote for or promote the removal of his remains to the Pantheon.'

Among the romances already published, I must mention one entitled La Mort de l'Amour, by the famous Viscount d'Aringcourt, an absurd composition, which has, however, already reached a second edition. Among the poems is the Cromwell of Victor

Hugo, which is deserving of a long analysis, and I should like to transcribe the scene between Cromwell and Milton, in order to give you an idea of this composition; but it is too long for insertion in your journal.

Two new volumes of *Mémoires d'une Contemporaine*, have just been published; I have read them, and think them even more interesting than the two former ones, which were reviewed in No. 437 of *The Literary Chronicle*. The following is one among the thousand anecdotes contained in them:—

'A young person who was dancing before Napoleon accidentally trod on the foot of the great man; he drew back, saying, "Madoiselle, you make me retreat."—"Then, sire, replied the sprightly wit, it is the first time that has happened to your majesty." This delicate flattery was much admired all the evening."

I cannot conclude this letter without speaking to you of *L'Isographie*, a work admirably well executed, eight numbers of which have already appeared, and which is deserving of the patronage of all amateurs of autographs. *La Revue Encyclopédique* speaking of the sixth number of this epistolary collection, points out some curious connections in it.

Great men are not always the most particular with respect to the correctness of their orthography. Voltaire and Montesquieu appear to have paid but little attention to this subject, and has not your celebrated painter, West, committed an error in the following letter (which I copy from *L'Isographie*,) in spelling the word *estimation* with an *e* in the second syllable, instead of an *i*? Remember, it is a Frenchman who puts this question to you:—

'To the President and Members of the National Institute of France, in the Department of the Fine Arts.

'Gentlemen,—Your perpetual secretary, Joachim le Breton, has communicated to me the consummation of my appointment as a Foreign Associate in the Department of the Fine Arts in the National Institute of France.

'I am the more sensible of the liberality with which you have assigned me this honourable seat amongst you, for the consideration that it was spontaneous, and unsolicited upon my part; need I add, gentlemen, that this distinction will ever be considered in my estimation as one of the proudest occurrences in my life; that my respect for those who have bestowed it upon me will always be permanent and profound; in a word, that with whatever warmth of acknowledgment I may attempt to repay it, I shall still consider myself as your debtor.

Your most obedient and obliged servant,
London, BENJN. WEST, Prest.
Aug. 6th, 1808. of the Royal Academy of
the Fine Arts in London.

CUNAXA.

[CYRUS, son of Darius Nothus and Parasatis (prompted by ambition) marched with an army of Grecian troops from his provinces in Asia, in order to dethrone his elder brother Artaxerxes, king of Persia. The rival armies met and fought at Cunaxa, when Cyrus was slain. After this battle followed the celebrated retreat of the ten thousand Greeks, part of Cyrus's army.—Vide Rollin]

Proud Persia's wide extended line
Marched ready armed for fight,
Midst clouds of dust shone many a spear,
Standard and cuirass white;
And as o'er hills and plains was spread
The still exhaustless rear,

Brave was the foe that could behold
And scorn th' impress of fear.

Still on the Greeks' undaunted brow

Sat courage uncontroiled,

And with a firm and nervous arm

Their standards were unrolled;

Then Artaxerxes breathed the shout

Defiance to thy line,

Whilst thirst of power and love of fame

Against thee did combine.

The charge is made, and deaf'ning sounds

Subside in murmurs low,

Yet rise again as Cyrus' ranks,

Pursue the flying foe;

For spite of numbers, Fortune smiled

Upon the Grecian arms,

And many an uncharged Persian band

Fled forth in wild alarms.

Pursued, alas! with fatal speed;

The blast soon bore a tone

Of loud lament, to tell the Greek

Of late-won triumph gone;

Their prince of bold and fearless heart

Had rushed amidst the foe,

Where his unsparing arm has laid

Full many a Persian low.

Yet vainly could his single sword

Oppose a host of foes,

Which at a brother's stern command,

Did vengeful round him close;

The war which fierce till then had waged

O'er plains so far and wide,

Concentred in one spot, o'er which

Did countless chiefs preside.

Still redder grew the martial strife,

And brighter flushed the lance,

And still each brother's vengeful brow

Darkened with deadlier glance;

At length the shout, so long and loud,

Came rushing through the air,

In which was lost the prince's moan,

Unheard his dying prayer.

Ah! Parasatis! luckless queen,

Mark'dst thou the deed of hate

Which crushed the form, through thy dark

arts,

An alien from the state*?

Hardy the slave who dared to thee

The fatal tidings bring,

That he laid low, disdained, and spurned

So lately called a king.

And as his virtues, lost in grief,

Shalt thou, sad queen, recall;

How shall thy proud heart sink to own

Ambition marred them all;

Long shalt thou live amidst a court,

Smile with the gay and vain,

Yet lonely weep for him who died

Upon Cunaxa's plain.

E. B.

HAMLET.

SHAKESPEARE'S Hamlet has ever been a work of the deepest interest, not only to the British public, but to the intelligent and learned in all parts of Europe. We find in a German critical journal, just published, some remarks of Goëthe upon this dramatic master-piece, and as we think they cannot fail of being acceptable to our readers, we have no hesitation in presenting them with a translation:—

'I supposed it possible to penetrate into the spirit of Hamlet, by committing to memory the principal parts of this tragedy, such as the monologues, and those scenes in which energy of soul, elevation of mind, and vivacity of sentiment are so conspicuous: I tried this method for some time; but in vain—at last I succeeded by a peculiar plan. I sought carefully for the traces of Hamlet's character,

* Parasatis was supposed to have fomented the feud between the brothers.

such as it had appeared before the murder of his father; and endeavoured to find out what this interesting young man had been prior to this tragical event, and what he might possibly have become had it never occurred. Naturally generous and delicate, the royal youth grew up under the immediate influence of sovereign majesty, a sense of his rights and of his dignity, as well as of integrity and propriety, were displayed in his mind. By birth a prince, he only desired to reign that he might promote the cause of virtue. Possessing an agreeable countenance, a generous soul, and endowed with great kindness of heart, he was a model for youth, and would have become the delight of society. Free from all impetuosity, his love for Ophelia was but a feeble presentiment of the sweeter impulses of nature. His zeal for chivalric exercises needed the stimulus of praise; he had learnt to acknowledge and to appreciate, to a certain degree, the good and the beautiful in the arts and sciences; and if hatred could exist in so gentle and delicate a mind, it tended only to make him despise false and fickle courtiers. He was kind and patient, simple in his conduct, little inclined to idleness, but impatient of control. Occasionally, rather than habitually cheerful, he was a good companion, indulgent and modest, though hasty, and could pardon and forget an injury; but he was an inveterate enemy to all who overstepped the bounds of justice, honesty, or decorum. Imagine a young prince, such as I have described, and whose father has lately died suddenly: ambition or love of power is not his ruling passion, but being the son of a king, brought up in grandeur, he feels, for the first time, the distance which separates the sovereign from the subject. Deprived of the throne by his uncle, perhaps for ever, he becomes sensible of his poverty, and of his estrangement from all that in his youth he regarded as his own, and his mind thus receives the first impression of sorrow. He is now nothing more than an ordinary gentleman; and is ready to serve every one; he is not only polite, accommodating and condescending, but fallen and depressed; his past condition is remembered only as a dream, and the attempts of his uncle to make him view his situation in another light, are ineffectual: the sense of his nothingness is, as it were, inseparable from him; and a second blow, namely, the marriage of his mother, wounds him still more deeply.

'At the death of his father, another parent still remained, on whom he might have lavished his affection: this parent he now no longer possesses; and her death would have been less afflicting than the manner in which he was deprived of her: she was become to him a mere woman, frail as the rest of her sex. Now, for the first time, he feels truly an orphan, no fortune can restore his vanished treasures; and being naturally but little inclined to melancholy and reflection, they come upon him as a heavy burden; and it is thus that he appears at the commencement of the tragedy. And now imagine, and attentively observe the situation of the young prince, when he learns that the spirit of his father has appeared; and also on that dreadful night when the venerable shade appears to himself—he is seized with inexpressible horror—the charge against his uncle resounds in his ears—his injured, outraged

father calls on him for vengeance.—When the spirit has vanished, what is before us? A man eager to avenge his parent's wrongs? A disinherited prince, happy in having a just cause to defend against the usurper of his crown? No—Hamlet is seized with a melancholy stupefaction, and he exclaims—
 “The time is out of joint;—Oh cursed spite! That ever I was born to set it right.”

These words include the whole of Hamlet's conduct; and it is evident that Shakspeare intended to represent a great action, the execution of which is delegated to a weak mind. It is the oak planted in a precious vase which was intended to hold nothing but flowers: the roots extend, and the vase is broken. “A being, pure, noble, delicate, and intrinsically good, sinks beneath a burden which he can neither carry nor shake—he holds all his duties sacred, but this one is beyond his strength. He is required to perform an impossibility, or at any rate what is so to him. Hamlet, strictly speaking, is made up of feelings only; events seem to seek him out, he himself does not act at all, and this it is which gives the play some of the prolixity of a romance; but as the plan of it originates in fate, as the dramatic portion arises out of a terrible action, and tends throughout towards the completion of one that is equally terrible, it is eminently tragic, and can have no other than a tragic denouement. Such in short does Hamlet appear, fencing is fatiguing to him, the perspiration flows from his forehead; and the queen exclaims, “he is fat, give him time to breathe.”

“The character of Ophelia is distinguished by a few traits drawn by a master-hand; her whole being centres in her affections. Her attachment to the prince, to whose hand she aspires without any presumption, is almost too unguarded, and her father and brother both think it necessary to caution her on this subject. A sense of propriety, like the thin gauze which covers her bosom, is insufficient to conceal the throbbings of her heart; she breathes nothing but love, and when she sees herself suddenly repulsed and abandoned, when, instead of the cup of pleasure, her lover presents her with that of sorrow, her heart breaks; and the death of her father destroys the wreck of her existence. But ought not the poet to have put into the mouth of the delirious Ophelia more modest songs? Why should the noble girl be made to utter equivocal expressions and sentences that are almost obscene? There is much sense in these very conceits, nay, even in these apparent improprieties. Ophelia having lost her senses, has lost also all command over herself, and thus betrays the secret thoughts and wishes of her heart.

“The parts of Rozenkranz and Guildenstern cannot be reduced into one character. What each is, and each does separately, could not be said and done by a single person. It is in these little things that the grandeur of Shakspeare displays itself. Moreover, these two personages, who represent the courtiers, form a contrast to the good and excellent Horatio. As to the players, whom Shakspeare introduces in the middle of the performance, their appearance has a double object. In the first place, the one who declaims so pathetically upon the death of Priam, makes a deep impression upon Hamlet; the conscience of the young prince is awakened and stimulated, and thus this scene

becomes the prelude to that in which so great an effect is produced upon the king. Hamlet blushes to see an actor take so deep an interest in foreign and imaginary woes, and he then forms the project of trying the consciences of his uncle by the same method. What a beautiful monologue is that which terminates the second act!

“Some English critics have asserted that the principal interest of Hamlet ceases with the third act, and that in the last two acts the action proceeds heavily. For my own part; I am far from finding any thing amiss in the plan of this piece; I think, on the contrary, that nothing more grand or better has ever been imagined. We are fond of seeing a hero acting for himself, who undertakes and performs, surmounts every obstacle and arrives at a grand object. Historians and poets try to persuade us that there are men capable of exerting themselves thus nobly. In this tragedy, however, it is quite the contrary; the hero has no plan, though there is one in the drama. An enormous crime has been committed, and the action, as it develops itself, involves in its inevitable consequences both the innocent and the guilty. The latter seems to wish to avoid the abyss towards which he is being drawn, and he is precipitated into it at the very moment when he flatters himself that he has insured his safety. It is in the nature of crime to injure by its results even those who are innocent, the same as good actions bring benefits to those who have not contributed to them. In our piece it is in vain that the victim himself comes to demand vengeance, it is in vain that all the circumstances concur to promote it; Fate has reserved to herself the fulfilment of it. The hour of justice has sounded; the good falls with the bad. One generation is mown down and a new one springs up in its stead!”

STANZAS.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF CHIABRERA.
 “Seguitando il tenor de' pensier miei.”

As once in pensive mood I chanced to stray
 Beside a purling streamlet's flowery brink,
 Methought that as it onward rolled its way,
 Sudden its gentle murmurs seem'd to say,
 Here rest awhile—the crystal water drink!
 These wond'rous sounds my wand'ring footsteps staid,
 To gaze upon the waters; for they shone
 (As the gay sunbeams o'er their bright waves play'd)
 Like orient pearls on fairest neck display'd;
 Thus I stood fixed, like one of sculptur'd stone.
 And then the voice in such soft accents cried
 As we are wont to hear in midnight dream:
 “Why mournful thus regard my hurrying tide,
 When thy own fleeting moments swifter glide
 Than e'en the course of this meand'ring stream?”

Such thoughts in me the magic words inspire
 That by their grave monition wiser grown,
 Now I despise what the base world admire,
 And set henceforth above my sole desire,
 To gain in realms above an everlasting crown!
 E. J.

RECOLLECTIONS AND REMINISCENCES. No 2.

SCOTCH WEDDING.

“Twas a fair night,
 My young remembrance cannot parallel
 A fellow to it.”—MACBETH.
 NATURE, in her most playful mood, never
 formed a more romantic spot than that which
 bursts upon the view on emerging from Dun-

keld. The magnificent sight which this introduction to the Highlands presents, would well repay a man for the trouble of walking thither on foot from London to behold it. I can only deplore the inability of such a feeble pen as mine, to describe the wantonness with which the little gray-roofed town nestles amidst Nature's smiles; the varied outlines of the darkly-wooded Craig-y-barns, rivalling in beauty Ovid's Aerial Alps and cloud-topped Appenine; or the majestic Tay, (Ecce Tiber) flowing wide and tranquil through a succession of beautiful scenery, probably not to be equalled, certainly not to be surpassed in the three kingdoms. “Praising what is lost, makes the remembrance dear.” I will terminate this peroration in the words of an author, who has proclaimed the beauties of the Highlands in a way worthy of them, the author of the Highlands and Western Isles of Scotland: “This,” says he, “is the gate and portal whence bold Highland Caterans once issued in dirked and plaided hostility, sweeping our flocks and herds, and where (such are the changes of fashion) their Saxon foes now enter in peace, driving their barouches and gigs, and brandishing the pencil and memorandum book.”

But my business, at present, is neither with Dunkeld nor its beauties; I design to occupy a column or two of *The Literary Chronicle* with a few words upon Scottish weddings, and the little I have to say upon that subject, will afford no additional information to those who are already possessed of the slightest knowledge of such an agreeable affair. I never was but at one Highland wedding, and was then, as usual, too late both for the ceremony and the reception of the bride by her new parents at her future home. So that the world loses the benefit of my remarks upon the custom of breaking bread over the bride's head, and the other incidental accompaniments attendant upon wedlock in the north. I may here mention, however, by way of parenthesis, that I once witnessed the return of a married couple to their new home, when the fair bride was seated in a cart, with a spinning wheel, decorated with ribands, placed before her, and a washing tub at her side: these were hieroglyphics which needed no Belzoni to transcribe, nor Dr. Young to translate. They who ran might read, with as much facility as if the letters stared them in the face; here were labour, industry, health, wealth, and what not more; “I could stretch the line to the crack of doom.”

I must frankly confess that the celebration of the wedding at which I was present, offered a different scene, not to what I was led to expect, but to what I in truth did expect. There was no mirth, boisterous and noisy, “like ocean waves, when winds are piping loud;” there was no rude jest that could call up a blush on the cheek of the most or least susceptible; but there was that among the guests that spoke urbanity, good humour, and good wishes to the young couple; they laughed the heart's laugh; if their repartees wanted humour, they did not think so; and where their dancing fell off in grace, it increased in vigour; for be it known to those who might otherwise burst in ignorance, that a Highland reel is no sinecure, it peremptorily demands unwearied strength and unceasing exertion; I am not sure, but, inasmuch as I, a Sassenach, am concerned, that an

hour's exercise on the Brixton wheel would be preferable, and prove less fatiguing than half an hour's continued tripping to the tune of Tullum Goram. The dancing commenced with a reel performed by the parents of the bridegroom, and the last mentioned happy personage and his bride; how I did wish for Washington Irving! Here was another hieroglyphic not to be mistaken; what a train of thought, and what a magnificent article might we not have had from Geoffrey Crayon's graphic pen, with such a subject to go to work upon. Could the war-dances of the American Indians, or the symbolic measures of antiquity, express any thing more forcibly than did the exquisitely beautiful sentiment contained under the national dance of my Scottish friends? Was not here one generation taking leave of another, not in the darkness of tears and sorrow, but amidst the sunshine of smiles and gaiety, and that innocent mirth which the most cynical would not dare to carp at.

I will not attempt to describe the person of the bridegroom's father. I thought, when I first saw him, of what Garrick would have given for the sight of such a face, to have played old Adam by it; or what a mine of gold the author of the Sketch Book might discover in the study of such a character, in eliciting from him his Reminiscences of London, upwards of half a century back, and in noting down the warmth with which this venerable persecutor of the red deer expatiates on field-sports. I verily believe his shot is as sure as that of Shakspeare's famed Douglas the Scot, Prince Henry's gallant enemy, 'he that rides at high speed, and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.' I may, however, speak of his hospitality, his good humour, and the excellence of his farintosh—they are all alike warm and enlivening; his old age, like that of a literary person, is the evening of a fine day, and, in paying this tribute to the worth of my short known, but not less esteemed friend, John Creerar, I will conclude, by no icing, that the remembrance of the few happy hours spent at his son Charley's wedding, will be marked on 'the tablet of my memory, (there is the bard of Avon for it) *albo lapide*.

One word more: in Scotland, a mutual acknowledgment, in the presence of witnesses, constitutes marriage, and Gretna Green has no privilege. In the well known case, where an earldom, and the fate of another wife and child depended upon the decision, an English court, having consulted the first legal authorities in Scotland, declared the marriage lawful, because the lady produced a letter, in which the gentleman addressed her as his 'dear wife;' and it was proved that they had afterwards been together long enough to render the consummation of the marriage probable. On this subject, the law of Scotland is certainly more liberal and humane than that of England; the man who marries the mother of his children, legitimates those born before wedlock, and gives them equal rights to those born after.

At penny weddings, the whole expense of the feast and fiddler is defrayed out of the contributions of the guests: every one pays for what he has, and, at the end, puts money into a dish, according to his inclination and ability. There is no doubt of the advantage and assistance which this system affords to young people of an inferior condition, but its

observance is on the wane, and not held altogether reputable. There are few of the guests at a penny wedding who would decline to respond a hearty amen to the grace of old Pennant's Highland chieftain, 'Lord! turn the world upside down, that Christians may make bread of it.'

STANZAS;

WRITTEN FOR AN OLD SCOTCH AIR.

O! wat ye whare is beauty's bower,
On Lallan plains or Highland braes?
And wha is she the fairest flower
That ever charmed a mortal's gaze?
Sweet Ferryhill's green elfin knows
Love's favourite flower buds upon,
In virgin blush the bonniest rose
That blooms between the Dee and Don.

The smiles o' beauty sun the bower,
Frae morning's glow till evening's gloom,
Wi' song and sigh Love fans the flower,
And wi' his tears bedews its bloom!
For never sunnie simmer smiled
A sweeter, bonnier flower upon,
By garden walk, in pathless wild,
Than blooms between the Dee and Don.

O! ne'er may sorrow's clouds o'er cast
The heaven o' hope that gilds yon grove,
Nor fausehood smite wi' withering blast
Its bud o' beauty and o' love!
But parted frae its parent bower,
May Hymen's hand engraft it on
Love's evergreen, the fairest flower
That blooms between the Dee and Don.

JACK JUNIPER.

FINE ARTS.

Haydon's Mock Election.

ONE of the daily prints has thought fit to be rather severe upon Mr. Haydon's picture. We must confess that, upon an unbiassed and dispassionate consideration of this censure, we do not think it by any means just. The writer complains that the humour is overstrained to vulgarity, and the pathos to maudlin sentimentality. We are really quite unable to see this. The group particularly censured, 'The Good Family in Affliction,' appears to us to be painted with singular feeling and good taste, the female more especially. The critic above mentioned complains, that she is neither handsome nor interesting. That she has not a rosy cheek, and a mouth 'bathed in smiles' we are willing to concede: but that she is not 'interesting' we cannot possibly allow, and we think Mr. Haydon has shown much good sense in not representing this character, supposed to be chin-deep in misfortune, as fresh and blooming as a newly made bride. Our modern artists are, generally speaking, but too inattentive to this important point, and we have consequently but too many of such phenomena.

Perhaps the most striking personage in the picture, is the figure in the right-hand corner, which we cannot describe better than in Mr. Haydon's own words:—

'In the right-hand group sipping claret, sits a man of family and a soldier, who distinguished himself in Spain; he was imprisoned in early life for running away with a ward in chancery; embarrassment followed, and nine years of confinement have rendered him reckless and melancholy: he has one of the most tremendous heads I ever saw in nature, something between Byron and Bonaparte; it was affecting to see his

pale determined face and athletic form amongst the laughing afflicted, without a smile, without an emotion. Indifferent to the humour about him, contemptuously above joining in the burlesque, he seemed like a fallen angel meditating on the absurdities of humanity!'

The repose of this figure is admirable; the expression is between melancholy and half conscious inebriety. One hand rests on a table, and he just touches a glass, while the left hangs listlessly down, and holds a racketbat. On the ground lie cards, dice, bottles, &c. Leaning over him, the face turned from the spectator, with a half-terrific look towards the head constable, is a young girl 'attached to him in his reverses.' The head of this figure is very beautiful, and has a peculiarity of expression which we never saw before on canvass, and only in one living face.

The exhibition room is hung round with the original sketches made for the picture from the life, and two or three other sketches in oil. They are very spirited and clever.

The Ascent of Elijah, painted and engraved by JOHN MARTIN. S. Prowett.

THIS picture has the capital fault of not clearly telling its own story. The figure of Elijah is extremely careless and undefined, and the eye only discovers the ascending chariot, &c. after one has become conscious that there should be such a group. The scenery is splendid, and, like all Mr. Martin's productions, indicative of a powerful and original imagination.

Christ's Temptation in the Wilderness, painted and engraved by JOHN MARTIN. S. Prowett.

MR. MARTIN is not happy in his figures. His genius is of a wild and terrible order, and he seems incapable of chaining it down to the study necessary for correct delineation. In the present instance, the figure of Christ is very undignified, and the attitude almost gives one the notion, that the ill-success of the tempter will not prove altogether certain. Satan displeases us still further. It is quite unworthy of Mr. Martin's genius to habit the arch-fiend in a tunic, cloak, and crown, like a stage hero. This is not the first time that he has been guilty of this really unpardonable sin against good taste. His print of the Creation represented the Almighty in a flowing robe—an absurdity which we should not have expected from Mr. Martin.

In the print before us, the scenery is as usual grand and original. The blasted trees are extremely good.

Murphy's Beauties of the Court of King Charles II. Part II

IN a very lively, witty, and elegant paper on the splendours and galantries of Charles's days, which appeared in the New Monthly Magazine for June last, it is asserted, that 'those who wish to have a bevy of beauties before them—to look for ever upon the perpetually lovely features and magnificent persons—to know what sort of ladies those are whom nobles worship and kings adore, should possess themselves with all convenient speed of the 'Beauties of the Court of Charles the Second;'—they cannot, says the writer, (a writer too of high poetic fame) invest their

money more advantageously or more agreeably. At this time the first number of this splendid undertaking, containing the portraits of the hapless Catherine of Braganza, the beautiful termagant Castlemaine, La Belle Hamilton, (De Grammont's Heroine) and the Arcadian-looking Countess of Ossory had just appeared. We have seen the second number now published, which more than justifies the praises lavished upon the first, and the expectations it inspired. We have here a Nell Gwynn, with 'heart on her lips and love in her eyes,' from that exquisite and undoubted original, in the possession of General Grosvenor. Mrs. or rather Miss Lawson, the daughter of the heroic admiral,—that lovely Duchess of Somerset, the then sole representative of the Percy family, for whose fair sake Tom Thynne was murdered by Count Koenigsmarc, and the Belle Stuart, of coquettish memory. The memoirs are from a lady's pen, (it is said by the author of the *Diary of an Ennuyée*) and are written with a feminine feeling, and yet with a *spirit* worthy of the subject. On the whole, we cannot but bestow on the work our *unqualified* admiration.

THE DRAMA.

DRAMATIC REGISTER.—*Drury Lane*, Jan. 4. The Critic, Killing no Murder, and the Pantomime.—5. Isidore de Merida, and the Pantomime.—7. The Critic, Killing no Murder, and the Pantomime.—8. The Cabinet, and the Pantomime.—9. The Critic, Killing no Murder, and the Pantomime.—10. Isidore de Merida, and the Pantomime.

Covent Garden, Jan. 4.—The Seraglio, and the Pantomime.—5. The Man of the World, and the Pantomime.—7. King Richard the Third, and the Pantomime.—8. Der Freischütz, 'Twas I, and the Pantomime.—9. The Clandestine Marriage, and the Pantomime.—10. The Iron Chest, and the Pantomime.

On Friday Don Miguel visited Drury-Lane theatre, and Covent-Garden the following evening; the entertainments at both houses, appeared to afford him much gratification. On Tuesday evening Madame Feron made her first appearance at Drury-Lane in the character of Floretta, in *The Cabinet*, during the whole of which she was warmly and deservedly applauded. On Thursday night a feeling of dissatisfaction was produced by the performance of *The Lord of the Manor* being substituted for the opera of *Isidore de Merida*; however, upon Mr Wallack's stating that the illness of Madame Feron was the cause of the alteration, tranquillity was shortly restored, and the performance was allowed to proceed.

The King's Theatre will open this evening (Saturday); and the French performances at the English Opera House, will commence on Monday evening,

VARIETIES.

The Habits of American Farmers.—It is difficult to form an idea of the simple and industrious habits of the American farmers; the whole family are in motion from morning till evening. Children from six to eight years of age have their allotted tasks. As soon as the school has ended, about the middle of February, the sugar-boiling engages their time, the young ones are seen carrying wood, emptying the small troughs filled with maple-

water into barrels, and the adults are chopping wood, or boiling sugar. The labours of the field succeed; while the lads are ploughing and sowing, the daughters are breaking flax, or spinning, weaving, or making dresses for themselves and the family. The sons until they have reached their sixteenth year, and the daughters until the age of fourteen, are sent to school during the three winter months. After having been confirmed, their parents generally permit them to work and so to provide for themselves. If a lad has thus worked for the space of two, three, or four years, and if his finances have accrued to a sum deemed sufficient for his establishment (though rarely exceeding one hundred dollars), he thinks of marriage. The object of his affections he knows from the meetings, or the maize huskings. He repairs to her house before supper, which being ended, he approaches the beloved object with his hat on. The preliminaries of the treaty are short, and generally in the same terms: 'Do you like my company?' If the reply be 'No,' the matrimonial candidate moves off with a 'very well;' if the reply be 'I don't know,' then there is hope; if it be 'perhaps I could,' this is a half consent; and 'yes I do,' is decisive. In the latter case they sit up during the night by the kitchen fire entertaining one another in the best mode they can. The parents care little about the proceedings of their children in this point, unless the match should appear too unequal: but even in this case the lad prevails. The clergyman is summoned, or, in default of one, the justice of the peace is applied to, and it frequently happens that Hymen joins the couple on the following day. If the parents are wealthy and satisfied with the match, a dinner is provided; if otherwise, then whisky must suffice. The long and tedious courtships of towns and cities are here unknown, if the youth be of age, and the girl likewise, they marry without asking leave of any one, and if not, they frequently do the same. If the justice of the peace or the minister refuse to marry them, they go into another township, and should the esquire be here equally unwilling to expose himself to the penalty of three hundred dollars for the sake of the matrimonial fee of a dollar and a half, then they go into another state, where at last the romantic scene is concluded. These cases, however, seldom occur: these youths, though adventurous in the highest degree, being far from romantic, for in that case they would forfeit their portion.

Sir Thomas Lawrence has on the easel a portrait of Lady Lyndhurst; report speaks highly of the performance; it is intended for the approaching exhibition.

The following sketches are from Mr. Hunt's new work, *Lord Byron* and some of his Contemporaries:—

Mr. Campbell.—They who know Mr. Campbell only as the author of *Gertrude of Wyoming*, and *The Pleasures of Hope* would not suspect him to be a merry companion, overflowing with humour and anecdote, and any thing but fastidious. He is one of the few men whom I could at any time walk half a dozen miles through the snow to spend an afternoon with; and I could no more do this with a penurious man than I could with a sulky one. I know of but one fault he has, besides an extreme cautiousness in his writings; and that one is national, a matter

of words, and amply overpaid by a stream of conversation, lively, piquant, and liberal, not the less interesting for occasionally betraying an intimacy with pain, and for a high and somewhat strained tone of voice, like a man speaking with suspended breath, and in the habit of subduing his feelings. No man, I should guess, feels more kindly towards his fellow-creatures, or takes less credit for it. When he indulges in doubt and sarcasm, and speaks contemptuously of things in general, he does it, partly, no doubt, out of actual dissatisfaction, but more perhaps than he suspects, out of a fear of being thought weak and sensitive; which is a blind that the best men very commonly practise. Mr. Campbell professes to be hopeless and sarcastic, and takes pains all the while to set up an university. He has tasted pretty sharply of the good and ill of the present state of society, and for a book man has beheld strange sights. He witnessed a battle in Germany from the top of a convent (on which battle he has written a noble ode;) and he saw the French cavalry enter a town, wiping their bloody swords on the horses' manes. Not long ago he was in Germany again, I believe to purchase books; for in addition to his classical scholarship, and his other languages, he is a reader of German. The readers there, among whom he is popular, both for his poetry and his love of freedom, crowded about him with affectionate zeal; and they gave him, what he does not dislike, a good dinner. There is one of our writers who has more fame than he; but not one who enjoys a fame equally wide, and without drawback.

Mr. T. Hook.—One day Mr. Theodore Hook came in unexpectedly to dinner, and amused us very much with his talent at extempore verse. He was then a youth, tall, dark, and of a good person, with small eyes, and features more round than weak; a face that had character and humour, but no refinement. His extempore verses were really surprising. It is easy enough to extemporize in Italian; one only wonders how, in a language in which every thing conspires to render verse-making easy and it is difficult to avoid rhyming, this talent should be so much cried up: but in English it is another matter. I know but of one other person besides Mr. Hook, who can extemporize in English; and he wants the power, perhaps the confidence, to do it in public. Of course, I speak of rhyming. Extempore blank verse, with a little practice, would be found as easy in English, as rhyming is in Italian. In Mr. Hook the faculty was very unequivocal. He could not have been aware of all the visitors, still less of the subject of conversation when he came in, and he talked his full share till called upon; yet he ran his jokes and his verses upon us all in the easiest manner, saying something characteristic of every body, or avoiding it with a pun, and introducing so agreeably a piece of village scandal upon which the party had been rallying Mr. Campbell, that the poet, though not unjealous of his dignity, was perhaps the most pleased of us all. Mr. Hook afterwards sat down to the piano-forte, and enlarging upon this subject, made an extempore parody of a modern opera, introducing sailors and their clap-traps, rustics, &c., and making the poet and his supposed flame the hero and heroine. He parodied music as well as words, giving us the most received cadences and flourishes,

and calling to mind (not without some hazard to his filial duties) the common-places of the pastoral songs and duets of the last half century; so that if Mr. Dignum, the Damon of Vauxhall, had been present, he would have doubted whether to take it as an affront or a compliment.

Mr. Mathews.—I have had the pleasure of seeing him there more than once, and of witnessing his imitations, which, admirable as they are on the stage, are still more so in a private room. Once and away his wife used to come with him, with her handsome eyes; and charitably make tea for us. The other day I had the pleasure of seeing them at their own table; and I thought that while Time, with unusual courtesy, had spared the sweet countenance of the one, he had given more force and interest to that of the other in the very ploughing of it up. Strong lines have been cut, and the face has stood them well. The reason why Mr. Mathews's imitations are still better in private than in public are, that he is more at his ease personally, more secure of his audience, ('fit though few,') and able to interest them with traits of private character, which could not be introduced on the stage. He gives, for instance, to persons who he thinks will take it rightly, a picture of the manners and conversation of Sir Walter Scott, highly creditable to that celebrated person, and calculated to add regard to admiration. His commonest imitations are not superficial. Something of the mind and character of the individual is always insinuated, often with a dramatic dressing, and plenty of sauce piquante. At Sydenham he used to give us a dialogue among the actors, each of whom found fault with another for some defect or excess of his own,—Kemble objecting to stiffness, Munden to grace, and so on. His representation of Incedon was extraordinary; his nose seemed actually to become aquiline. It is a pity I cannot put upon paper, as represented by Mr. Mathews, the singular gabblings of that actor, the lax and sailor-like twist of mind, with which every thing hung upon him; and his profane pieties in quoting the Bible; for which, and swearing, he seemed to have unequal reverence.

Berlin Literary Journal.—In a new literary journal, which has been established at Berlin, and is to contain a summary of all the criticisms in the principal reviews of Germany; certain signs, as asterisks, crosses, &c. are used to indicate such works as have been favourably noticed, and such as are of middle merit, or positively bad.

Dogs.—While almost every other quadruped fears man as its most formidable enemy, here is one which regards him as its friend. We must not mistake the nature of the case: it is not because we train him to our use, and have made choice of him in preference to other animals, but because this particular species feels a natural desire to be useful to man, and from spontaneous impulse attaches itself to him. Were it not so, we should see in various countries an equal familiarity with various other quadrupeds; but every where the dog only takes delight in associating with us, and is even jealous that our attention should be bestowed on him alone; it is he who knows us personally, watches for us, and warns us of danger.—*Griffith's Tr. of Cuvier.*

The magnificent apartment at the British Museum, intended for his Majesty's library, is now finished, and this invaluable collection will be removed thither very shortly.

National Testimonial in Memory of the late Duke of York.—The establishment of an institution in memory of a deceased prince, although not altogether unusual, is at least of rare occurrence; but the popularity of such an undertaking was never more fully demonstrated than in the formation of the Royal Union Pension Fund, (for the relief of aged persons of both sexes, whose circumstances have been reduced) in memory of the late Duke of York. The Royal Union Association was commenced during the life-time of his late royal highness, under his immediate patronage, and before its completion the nation had to deplore his loss. It is a matter of deep regret, that, before the thousands of pounds were devoted to what must prove a very inadequate monument, this institution did not put forth its claims; for, although late, it was no sooner determined to complete the institution, in honour of its royal patron's memory, than subscriptions were poured in by all those under whose notice it was brought. His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence instantly patronized the society, and endowed it with a munificent annual subscription. The Marquis Cholmondeley, the Duke of Rutland, the Duchess of Portland, the Viceroy of Ireland, the Marchioness of Exeter, the Earls of Aboyne, Cardigan, Harcourt, Lonsdale, Morley, Spencer, Tankerville, and nearly one hundred others of the Nobility, General Officers, and Members of Parliament, gave their sanction and support. To induce all classes to join, subscriptions of one guinea per annum were to entitle the donors to recommend candidates; and from the list, thus recommended, the subscribers at large were to vote a certain number, from time to time, as pensioners on the fund.

Already twenty aged individuals, some of whom were reduced by misfortune from affluence and splendour to great distress, and all of whose characters are unexceptionable, are permanently maintained by the institution, and bear ample testimony to its utility. The committee have announced the election of ten others in February; but, much as has been done, there yet remains much to be accomplished. Hundreds of applicants, reduced from the higher walk of life to the last stage of poverty and infirmity, claim the assistance of its funds, and call emphatically for support in their declining years.

Upon this mode of perpetuating the memory and the example of a benevolent prince there cannot be two opinions: and while every subscriber has a voice in the selection of proper objects for its bounty, there cannot be wanting those who will add their mites to the national fund in aid of so great and good a purpose.

There is no check to its growth; for when the funds shall be sufficient for such a purpose, that charity, which is now confined to a pension for life, may hereafter become an asylum, and a lasting testimonial may be reared, and endowed, with money which might have been otherwise squandered in a mere statue, as the monument of a man who could only be appropriately honoured by a work of perpetual benevolence.

If we look to the institution purely as the means of alleviating that misery which arises from pecuniary misfortune, combined with old age and infirmity, its claims to public support are great indeed; but when to this object are added the circumstances under which the society was completed, in memory of its late royal patron, they come home to the heart and understanding of every individual in the kingdom.—*New Times.*

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	Thermometer.			Barom.		State of the Weather.
	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Taken at 1 o'clock Noon.		
Jan. 4	37	41	35	29.75		Cloudy.
..... 5	34	35	35	.. 62		Snow.
..... 6	33	38	34	.. 71		Fair.
..... 7	35	35	34	.. 92		Fair.
..... 8	34	34	32	.. 94		Fair.
..... 9	31	32	28	.. 98		Fair.
..... 10	30	32	29	.. 70		Cloudy.

PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.—Mr. J. A. B. Beaumont has nearly ready a very interesting volume on the Present State of Buenos Ayres, &c.—Mr. R. Montgomery has a poem, entitled *The Omnipresence of the Deity*, nearly ready.—Mr. Joseph Woods has in the press, *Letters of an Architect from France, Italy, and Greece*, containing Observations on Ancient and Modern Architecture.

Just published, by J. Souter, 73, St. Paul's Churchyard.

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On the 31st will be published, BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, No. CXXXIV. for January, 1828.

CONTENTS:—I. Christmas Dreams.—II. Christmas Presents.—III. The Bachelor's Beat; No. 3. The Bachelor's Christmas.—IV. Battle of Navarino.—V. The Causes of the Decline of the British Drama.—VI. Trials of Temper. By the Ettrick Shepherd.—VII. Moralitas. By the same.—VIII. Notes of a Journey in the Kingdom of Kerry.—IX. Chapters on Churchyards. Chap. 13. The Haunted Churchyard.—X. British Africa—Sierra Leone. Report of the Parliamentary Commissioners. By James M'Queen, Esq.—XI. Projected Cathedral at Liverpool.—XII. Managers of the Opera.—XIII. Military Uniforms.—XIV. Steam-Carriages.—XV. Health and Longevity.—XVI. Noctes Ambrosianæ; No. 35.

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